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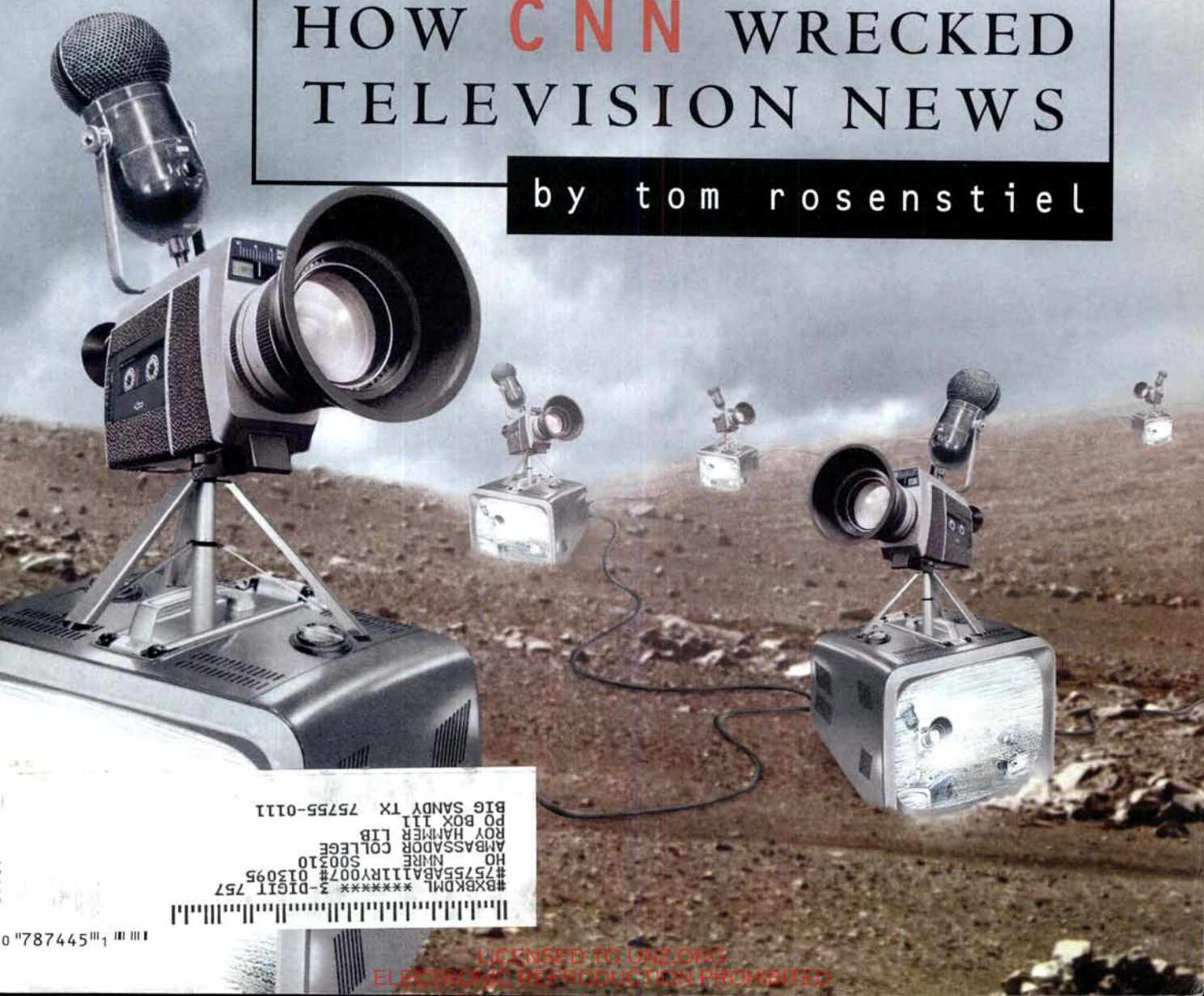

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Reshaping Health Care in America

Dr. Walter Broadnax, deputy secretary of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, delivered the keynote address at the 1993 California Public Affairs Forum.

Searching for a Cure

Dismayed by skyrocketing costs and a lack of universal coverage, Americans have made reforming their health care system a top priority. But achieving consensus on a plan of reform is not easy.

That's why the California Public Affairs Forum recently convened a panel of experts to study this issue. The forum is a biennial event sponsored jointly by the California Chamber of Commerce, the Bay Area Council, Los Angeles Area Chamber of Commerce and Hitachi, Ltd. Its purpose is to provide a forum for discussion of important issues facing California and the nation. Begun in 1987, the forums have examined state transportation problems, the jobs/housing balance, air quality control, and education reform.

No one on the panel questioned the need for health care reform. "The medical treatment that people in this country get is probably the best in the world. But it costs too much and anywhere from 34 to 37 million of us are not covered," said John Palmer, White House correspondent for Christian Science Monitor radio.

"We have in this country a moral imperative to secure health care for everyone," said Dr. Paul F. Griner, president of the American College of Physicians.

Dr. Griner and the other panelists agree that a national health care system is key to controlling runaway health care costs and eliminating the inequities in the current system. They are optimistic that the U.S. will ultimately adopt such a plan.

Fueling the panel's optimism are signs that many Americans are changing their attitudes about health care. "Health care reform has already begun in this country," said Ms. Julia Thomas, president and CEO of Bobrow / Thomas and Associates, an architectural firm that specializes in health care facilities design. "We've seen a huge move toward managed care, preventive care, and a more educated consumer."

"Health care reform is of great interest to us," said Yoshiro Kuwata, a director of Hitachi. "As an employer of more than 16,000 Americans, we are bound to feel the impact of any change in the nation's health care system."

Dr. Paul F. Griner, president of the American College of Physicians

We at Hitachi share the panel's optimism about the future of health care in the U.S. We are proud to play a role in providing a forum for discussion of issues facing us all.

To obtain copies of the speakers' presentations, please write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 35146, Los Angeles, CA 90035.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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AUGUST 22 & 29, 1994

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CORRESPONDENCE

No kidding

To the editors:
Ruth Shalit's essay on George Stephanopoulos's progeny ("The Kids Are Alright," July 18 & 25) inadvertently provides more ammunition for the GOP than Ollie North rounded up for the contras. That the executive functioning of our government is dependent on the networking skills of a few bright young men explicitly reveals the flaws in President Clinton's ad hoc style of governance. While I welcome the semblance of coherence these hard-working men are bringing to mitigate executive branch chaos, we the people and they themselves will have to wait two and one-half years for a systematic change. They, of course, will then be history.

BARTON S. PULLING
Pocatello, Idaho

Over Dunn

To the editors:
On what planet does Katherine Dunn ("Truth Abuse," August 1) reside? Her claim that "domestic violence [is] distributed equally between the sexes" simply fails to comport with reality here on Earth. It is simply indisputable that males are disproportionately responsible for the high level of violent crime that plagues the United States. The Department of Justice reported that in 1992, for instance, men committed 85.9 percent of the most serious crimes of violence and 84.1 percent of physical assaults against another person. The numbers for women were 13.1 percent and 14.8 percent, respectively. (For 1 percent of these crimes the gender of the perpetrator was unknown.) It is true, of course, that outside the home the majority of male violence is directed at other men. But this is emphatically not true for domestic violence. According to Justice, for the period 1987-1991, females experienced more than ten times as many incidents of violence at the hands of an intimate, such as a spouse or boyfriend, than their male counterparts—572,032 incidents against women on average each year compared with 48,983 against men.

In the face of these numbers—collected by the respected Bureau of Justice Statistics and based on the kind of "large-scale, scientifically random surveys" that Dunn lauds—Dunn's claim that experts who focus on the issue of violence against women are "deliberately ignoring a full 50 percent of the domestic violence problem" is patently absurd. Even the studies cited by Dunn to support her position fail to do so. Although Straus and Gelles found that women engage in instances of domestic "violence" at the same rate as men, they also found that men are seven times more likely than women to cause injury to their partner during a physical encounter. It is telling that Dunn neglected to report this fact.

MICHAEL L. SEIGAL
Gainesville, Florida

To the editors:
Katherine Dunn's "Truth Abuse" approaches the very harangue she attributes to battered women's advocates. The national family violence survey, on which she bases her attack, itself admits to the inordinate injury to women as opposed to men and calls the problem "epidemic." Numerous researchers have thoughtfully exposed the methodological and conceptual flaws that compromise the survey's implication that women equally abuse men. "Feminists" have also thoughtfully addressed women's violence, women who kill and lesbian abuse in several scholarly books and articles. They offer very different answers than Dunn's shallow and misleading treatment of these issues.

EDWARD W. GONDOLF
Research Consultant, National Resource Center on Domestic Violence
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Forest of Gumption

To the editors:
"The Empty Suit, Cont'd." (The Editors, July 11) elevates snide hyperbole to an art form in grading the credibility of President Clinton as zero in Washington and approaching zero in foreign capitals. On the home front, how do you view the lowest deficit of the G-7 nations, the passage of NAFTA, family leave and gun control, low inflation, the creation of 3 million new jobs and the political gumption to confront the crises in health care and welfare? Regarding affairs with the family of nations, have you forgotten the president's success in meeting with the Pacific basin leaders, bringing Russia and Eastern bloc nations within Western ambit, his sensible plans to upgrade U.N. peacekeeping so the United States will not be forced to be a global policeman and his avoidance of another major war with North Korea? True, there have been missteps common to most new to the job. Harry Truman had a bad first year. He was ridiculed by the media but was able to sell an unpopular Marshall Plan that saved Europe, and, yes, he won a second term.

ERIC COX
Washington, D.C.

Poor men

To the editors:
Jean Bethke Elshtain's remarks on Christina Hoff Sommers's "Who Stole Feminism?" (July 11) are less reasonable than they seem. Elshtain states that she has considerable personal experience with the self-serving and sexist enterprise that feminism has become. She acknowledges that it uses the idiom of personal discomfort to stifle "dissent and discussion." Yet Elshtain deems these problems both typical (of America's "moral panics") and transient because of what she claims is "the ability of Americans to detect nonsense." How falsely comforting this is.

For one thing, while intellectually it may be easy to satirize "gender feminism" in academia and the media ("like shooting fish in a barrel," Elshtain says), the alewives continue to crowd out the healthier species, producing a sterile monoculture. Were it common to confront and critique the intimidating style and rhetoric of feminists at the point of impact, in curriculum and search committee meetings, for example, then we would live in a different world. We would not, for example, have deans at good schools asserting in public that young men falsely accused of date rape have suffered appropriately because of their gender's collective guilt. We would not have tenured female professors deriding a colleague with whom they do not agree as "a worthless white man." We would not have an endless proliferation of bogus statistical extrapolations like the "self-esteem study" used to support additional material and rhetorical privileges for the most favored, numerous and successful group (white women) in academe.

But the idiom and mindset of collective identity and guilt pervades our culture. It is the core of the "affirmative action's" racist and sexist evisceration of the dream of the civil rights movement.

Perhaps Elshtain is as relaxed as she is about this situation because it has not and cannot harm her as it has, does and will hurt men. What Sommers has, and Elshtain may lack, is appreciation of the material and emotional impact of the systematic shaming, intimidation and professional punishments by which feminists in academia silence male colleagues and students.

And the most pernicious effects of this process occur outside the academy: a "family" court system that every year separates nearly 1.5 million children from their fathers in cases of divorce; a welfare system whose structure proclaims that men (fathers and husbands) are superfluous.

Sommers's *Who Stole Feminism?* is a

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major opportunity for this society to notice what it has long ignored: the self-interest and cruelty that for two decades have moved "feminism" far from concerns with fairness and justice to the politics of punitive rage. The real question, as Sommers writes, is "Why was everyone so credulous?" The chastening answer is just beginning to be heard.

EUGENE NARRETT
Maynard, Massachusetts

Unbalanced

To the editors:

Your faith in the ability of a declining dollar to address the balance of trade with Japan is bizarre ("Not So Hata," The Editors, July 18). Since 1985, the dollar has declined from about 250 yen to less than 100 yen (a 60 percent devaluation!) with little or no change in the balance of trade. You sound like Bullwinkle trying to pull a rabbit out of his hat—"It'll work this time!" The federal government is just going to have to start living within its means like the rest of us, instead of relying on gimmicks like currency devaluation or "negotiated targets."

ALAN M. CARROLL
Urbana Illinois

Out of step

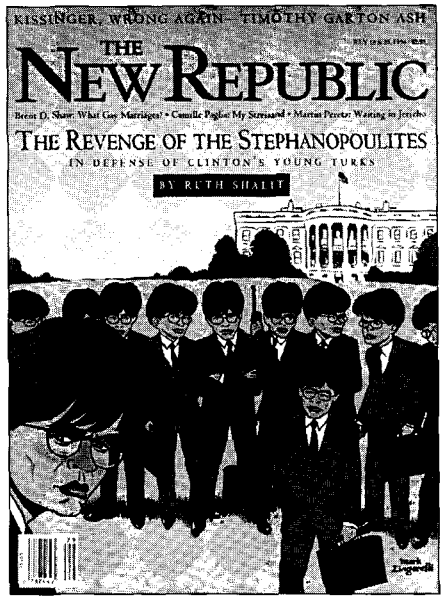
To the editors:

Alfred Kazin does a tremendous disservice to your readers and to the history of culture in the United States by uncritically and ignorantly repeating the New York City Ballet's public relations material as fact ("The Tastemaker," June 20). It is as if Kazin, writing for a consumer magazine, praised a soap product as superior because he had heard its commercials sing "whiter and brighter." Lincoln Kirstein has sung his commercial for decades and with rigorous control taught it to a dance press he has appointed. That Kazin parrots this misinformation is a sign of its invidious influence.

"Only [Kirstein] could have made possible the brilliant and popular ballet scene of our day, by bringing George Balanchine to America in, of all years, 1933," Kazin writes. This is simply not true. There was a brilliant and popular ballet scene here and internationally in 1933, and Balanchine was a very small part of it. Balanchine would have come here to make his fortune anyway because of the popularity of ballet in America. His first work here was after all in movies, with Ringling Bros. Circus, and for Denham's Ballet Russe.

Ballet has always been immensely popular in the United States, as evidenced by important ballet schools even in the nineteenth century, and the tours of Pavlova and even the Diaghilev company, followed by others. Col. de Basil's Ballet Russe, and two American companies, Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and Ballet Theatre toured the United States regularly in the '40s, '50s, '60s and into the '70s. Kirstein eventually locked American ballet out of New York while his one-man band had a rent-free theater out of which to work. Kirstein never "discovered" anybody else, never allowed any talent to rival Balanchine, deliberately showed student or young dancer choreography as contrast to Balanchine's "genius" and probably nipped more talent in the bud than anybody else in history.

Kirstein packed the New York City press with sycophants and caused editors to remove anyone who did not follow the


KISSINGER, WRONG AGAIN • TIMOTHY GARTON ASH
THE NEW REPUBLIC
THE REVENGE OF THE STEPHANOPOULITES
IN DEFENSE OF CLINTON'S YOUNG TURKS
BY RUTH SHALIT

adulatory tone of his press releases. His influence was a blight on the scene, and the New York City Ballet is at present struggling to make an adjustment to the real world. Kazin's article is an insult to American dance history and to the people who made that history.

DOUGLAS BLAIR TURNBAUGH
New York, New York

Not shrill

To the editors:

Can it really be that response to Bruce Bawer's piece ("Notes on Stonewall," June 13) was so negative as TNR's "Correspondence" section (July 11) seemed to indicate, with only one letter expressing a tepid endorsement of his point of view? I suspect that there are many more gay and lesbian readers who, like myself, regard the militant faction as misguided at best, but didn't bother to write in and say how refreshing it was to see someone like Bawer be given a chance to air his opinion.

Although the practitioners of trench warfare can probably take credit for certain accomplishments, it is ordinary gay and lesbian individuals simply trying to live their lives openly and honestly who force straight individuals, one at a time, to reconsider their prejudices. These people have been the ones behind the great advances in recent years, not the shrill and self-righteous fanatics who seem to take as much interest in ripping apart other gays and lesbians whose politics differ from their own (however slightly) as they do in attacking bigots such as Jesse Helms and Pat Robertson.

DANIEL SPIRO
New York, New York

Evergroan

To the editors:

Barbra Streisand "looked, with her swinging arcs of honey-blond hair, like the Winged Victory of Samothrace"? Is Camille Paglia ("The Way She Was," July 18 & 25) talking about Streisand *the singer*? Frankly, I had always thought of Streisand as an irretrievably spoiled brat, wallowing in a sea of obnoxious pomposity. I had never before considered her "scintillating intelligence." And I most definitely hadn't thought of her as a "sex goddess." How small-minded I have been. I am grateful to the editors and to Paglia for showing me the real Streisand; a gutsy combination of Keats, Marie Curie and Helen of Troy.

K. S. J. EYER
Leesburg, Virginia

Vegging out

To the editors:

You pummel the headline "SWEET ONION GROWERS EXPECT TYPICAL YEAR" as one of the most boring headlines and invite your readers to come up with similar soporific examples (Notebook, July 18 & 25). Where have you provincials in the Beltway been? Don't you know that millions of Americans look forward each year to the reappearance of the Vidalia, Walla Walla and other sweet onions? The headline reassures them that the lovely crop will be plentiful once again and that they can savor it to their hearts' delight. If we can't trust you to handle onions, how can we have faith in your ruminations about more complex issues such as Bosnia, the American dollar, health insurance and welfare? It's enough to bring tears to the eyes. (Sweet onions never do that!)

DONALD AXELROD
North Truro, Massachusetts

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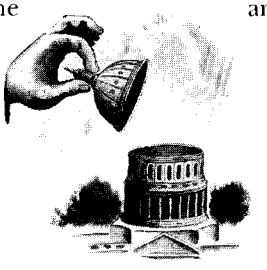
FROM WASHINGTON

Gilded Age

Whatever happened to the generational war? A year or two ago the op-ed pages were filled with representatives of Generation X complaining about the economic hand they had been dealt by their elders. Where did they all go? Law school, I fear.

The Xers were especially angry about Social Security. It was "a generational scam," declared the authors of one youthful manifesto. They had a point. The scam wasn't simply that Social Security for today's retirees is paid for by payroll taxes levied on today's workers. It was that the elderly—"greedy geezers," this magazine tactfully called them—seemed to have cut themselves an awfully cushy deal, securing retirement checks that far exceeded the contributions they had made when they were working. Younger Americans, meanwhile, would be lucky to get back what they were paying into the system.

Times change. We don't worry about Social Security anymore. We worry about "entitlements." Of course, Social Security is by far the biggest "entitlement," bigger than No. 2 (Medicare) and No. 3 (Medicaid) combined. But it is the exploding cost of those two health care programs, President Clinton tells us, that threatens the solvency of the state. So health care reform is in, plain old Social Security reform is out. Anyway, everyone knows Congress won't fool with Social Security unless there's a crisis. The last big reform package came in 1983, when the system was months away from going broke. There is no such crisis now.



That doesn't mean Social Security isn't going broke. It is. The 1983 "fix" was supposed to keep the system solvent for seventy-five years, despite the strain caused by the retirement of the baby-boomers. That estimate proved wildly optimistic. Almost every year the system's actuaries advance the date of insolvency. In 1985 we were told Social Security would go broke in 2049. By 1993 the crash date had been moved up to 2036. In this year's report the date of "exhaustion" jumped seven years, to 2029. How much closer will it get next year?

Another "fix" is clearly needed. Enter the Bipartisan Commission on Entitlement and Tax Reform—better known as the Kerrey Commission, because Clinton was forced to create it to win Senator Bob Kerrey's vote for the 1993 budget. The panel has two chairmen (Kerrey and Senator John Danforth), thirty other members, a vague mandate and an awkward rule requiring 60 percent approval of any recommendations. But, thanks to Social Security's coming implosion, it also has an obvious, achievable mission.

The experts are already lining up behind a package of reforms similar to those in a bill introduced by Representative Dan Rostenkowski (remember him?). Rostenkowski wants to speed up a scheduled increase in the retirement age from 65 to 67. He would also boost payroll taxes by a few percentage points starting in about 2020, and fiddle with the benefit formula to reduce the checks of twenty-first-century retirees with high lifetime earnings.

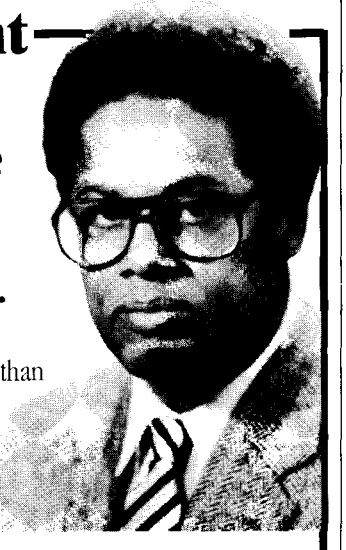
As Social Security reforms go, these are relatively easy. The benefit cuts and tax hikes don't bite until far in the future. That "would give people adequate time to plan and adjust their behavior," Robert Reischauer, head of the Congressional Budget Office, told Kerrey's Commission. And because the pain is postponed, it's at least conceivable that these reforms will pass Congress. Of course, for the same reason, they will do little to reduce today's deficits. Yet by promising some long-term budget relief they might help Clinton disarm crude right-wing anti-spending crusaders. It all sounds awfully responsible.

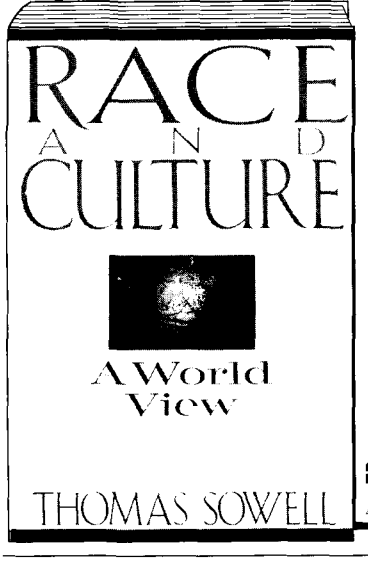
But wait a minute. What about the Xers? By putting off the pain, Rostenkowski-style reforms once again place the burden of rescuing Social Security on the generations that have yet to retire, the same generations who bore the brunt of the "fixes" adopted in 1983, the same generations who are already getting the lousiest deal from the system.

The precise, damning numbers are contained in a new book, *Retooling Social Security for the 21st Century*, by C. Eugene Steuerle and Jon M. Bakija. Steuerle and Bakija calculate that the average single American man who retired in 1980 will

continued on page 49

A major statement on race, culture, and the explosive policy issues that revolve around them.





Encompassing more than a decade of research around the globe, this book shows that cultural capital has far more impact than politics, prejudice, or genetics on the social and economic fates of minorities, nations, and civilization. Multiculturalism and affirmative action policies are only distractions likely to make matters worse.

"A tour de force."—Rondo Cameron, Emory University

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUGUST 22 & 29, 1994

THE CRISIS CRISIS

During the first half of 1994 the reigning image of the political future of Africa was the miracle of South Africa's elections, where Nelson Mandela had not only triumphed over apartheid but welcomed his former foes into his administration. This model of cooperation came at a crucial time—in the same year that more than half of the forty-eight countries south of the Sahara had promised multiparty elections, and in the same month that the last of Africa's cold war strongmen, Hastings Kamuzu Banda of Malawi, was voted out of office. For a moment it seemed that Africa's transformation into a continent of nation-states might not be as painful as we had expected. Then came Rwanda. As President Clinton responded to the carnage by bickering with the United Nations over troop numbers, it became clear that the United States was without an Africa policy. Jokes circulated among Africa experts about the late George Moose—the not yet deceased but almost invisible assistant secretary of state for African affairs.

Given the general foreign policy vacuum at the center of the Clinton administration, the absence of a policy for Africa should hardly come as a surprise. Still, it is odd that the articulation of a strategy should fall to Brian Atwood, administrator of the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID). Frustrated by the agency's transformation from a development into a disaster relief organization, Atwood is calling for a stronger emphasis on "crisis prevention." For one thing, as he points out, disaster relief is costly; the Somalia operation cost $2 billion in sixteen months, dwarfing the $390 million spent on development in the country over thirty years; projections for Rwanda are at $500 million.

"Crisis prevention" can be a tired nostrum. But if sufficient resources are committed, and problems are detected early enough, it could be a useful guiding principle. In 1993 one of USAID's programs—the Famine Early Warning System (FEWS)—prevented large-scale starvation during the drought-induced famine in Zimbabwe. This month, a second FEWS mission assessed future crop shortfalls in the Horn of Africa and set up a food distribution system.

Even in political explosions like Rwanda, the approach can work. As far back as February, human rights organizations warned that Hutu extremists were planning to scuttle the country's uneasy peace. So what did the U.N. do? It removed troops. And with American assent. When Rwandan President Juvenal Habyarimana's plane crashed on April 6, the same organizations predicted certain disaster. But it took the United States more than a month to approve a U.N. resolution to send soldiers, by which time the death toll had reached half a million. A second set of missed opportunities came in late June, when it was clear that the rebel Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF) would take the capital of Kigali, and that Hutu extremist propaganda would prompt millions of Hutus to flee into Zaire, creating a refugee crisis. In its misguided attempt to remain apolitical, the United States stopped recognizing the Hutu government only on the day it fell. It was late July when American troops arrived to urge the refugees to return home.

Even when crisis prevention fails early on, containing disaster need not be chaotic and ad hoc. In Rwanda, the United States has relied on the troops who set up the Kurdish relief mission, but the Defense Department is resisting its new role as a muscle-bound Red Cross. Given the likelihood of future missions, the responsibility should fall instead to a newly created relief corps. Senator Paul Simon proposes a 3,000-member force in the U.N. The Carnegie Endowment has another idea: the International Crisis Group, a private organization that could respond to humanitarian emergencies. Even better might be an American version of the French Foreign Legion.

In the future, crisis prevention will mean working with the Organization of African Unity to receive early intelligence about looming disasters. It will also require that we strike a balance between our desire for quick democratic elections and the need for stable regimes, which may not be democratically elected. The first test case will be Nigeria, where one-fourth of Africa's population lives under the illegitimate rule of General Sani Abacha, who has deposed the elected president, Moshood Abiola. So far we have stumbled—first by removing our ambassador, then by sending Jesse Jackson, who has been reliably accused of having ties to Abacha, as our special envoy. Unless we change our strategy—focusing not only on restoring the elected president, but also on working to plant at least the seeds of a stable society—our future involvement in Africa will be built around emergencies, and it will be bloody. •

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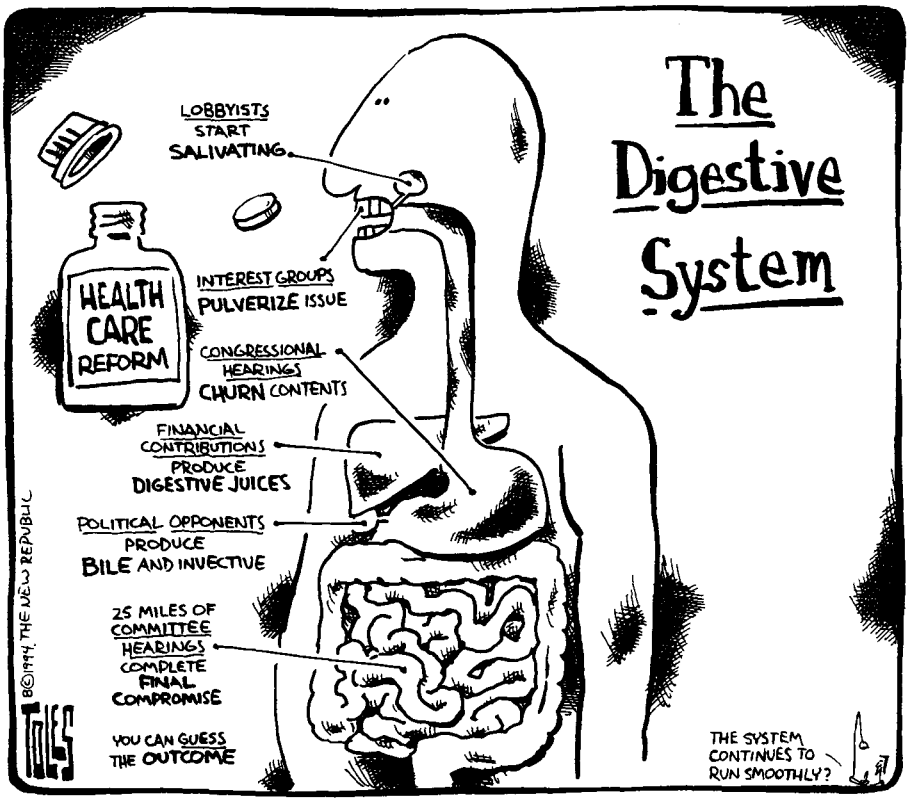
NOTEBOOK

UGLY OMENS: The Palestinian polity, we were always being reassured by its Hallelujah Chorus in the United States, would not be just one more Arab tyranny. The Palestinians had, after all, lived for more than a quarter-century with the rambunctious and free-spirited democracy of Israel. Its ways had surely rubbed off on the Palestinians. How could they not have? Alas, there have been some chilling omens in Yasir Arafat's rule over Jericho and Gaza. And none more chilling than the peremptory banning of *Al Nahar*, a Palestinian daily newspaper, and of *Akhbar al Balad*, a weekly magazine. It is true that these publications are not exactly Arafat enthusiasts. They are socially conservative and they hope for Jordan to have some influence on the West Bank. These views are held by many Palestinians in the territories, and they would naturally play a part in any democratic society. But, for all its real troubles, with Hamas and the Israelis, with unemployment and underdevelopment, the PLO has decided that its problems are the result of . . . a free press! Students of the history of newly independent states in the developing world, or just people with memories, will feel a chill. Where are the protests from those who promised it would never happen?


The Digestive System
LOBBYISTS START SALIVATING
HEALTH CARE REFORM
INTEREST GROUPS PULVERIZE ISSUE
CONGRESSIONAL HEARINGS CHURN CONTENTS
FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS PRODUCE DIGESTIVE JUICES
POLITICAL OPPONENTS PRODUCE BILE AND INVECTIVE
25 MILES OF COMMITTEE HEARINGS COMPLETE FINAL COMPROMISE
YOU CAN GUESS THE OUTCOME
THE SYSTEM CONTINUES TO RUN SMOOTHLY?
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TOLES

SANTA DID IT: "In his interviews with the *Times*, the prowler said he noticed two burly, bearded white men dressed in dark clothing near the back gate of Nicole Simpson's condominium at about 9 p.m. on Sunday, June 12.... One was carrying a bag, possibly a small laundry bag."—*The Los Angeles Times*, July 31, 1994.
(Thanks to James Rovner, Minneapolis, Minnesota.)

THE TRAGEDY OF PENSACOLA: Imagine if, in 1994, white supremacists attacked black students entering an integrated school. The Clinton Justice Department would immediately send federal marshals to ensure that *Brown* v. *Board of Education* wasn't violated. Yet in the case of violence against doctors who perform abortions—another constitutionally protected right—the administration has been grotesquely slow to respond. It took not one murder but three before the president sent in the marshals. While we've never been entirely comfortable with the reasoning behind the Supreme Court's defense of abortion in *Roe* v. *Wade*, we believe in the principle of a woman's right to choose—and we're committed to seeing it and other rights protected by the government. That the administration has finally acted comes as a relief, but it offers little comfort to the families of Dr. David Gunn, Dr. John Britton and clinic escort James Barrett. Sometimes late is not all that much better than never.

THE AMERICAN DREAM:
Percentage of Americans who favor cutting government entitlement programs to curb the deficit, according to *The Wall Street Journal*: 61 percent.
Percentage of Americans who oppose cuts in "programs such as Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, farm subsidies": 66 percent.

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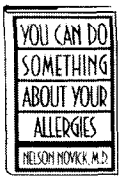
Today's Most Wanted List



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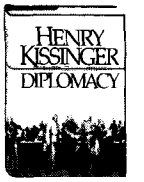

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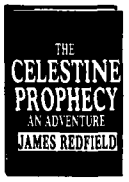

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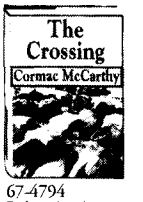

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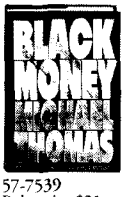

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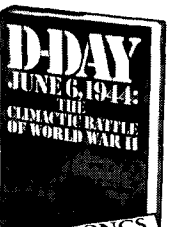

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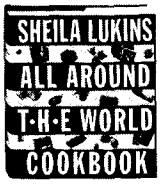

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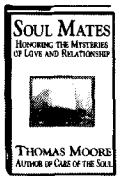

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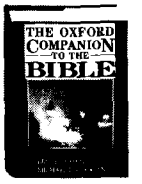

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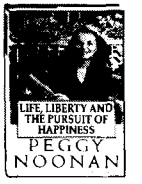

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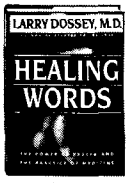

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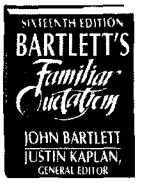

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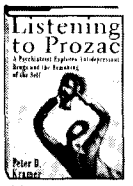

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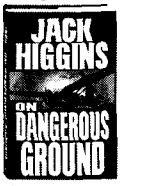

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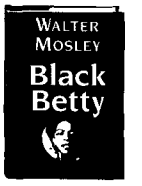

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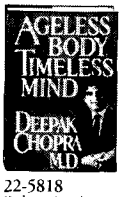

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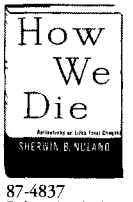

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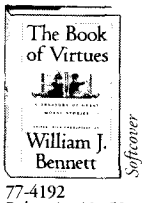

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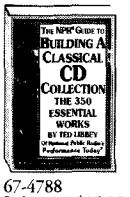

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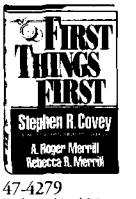

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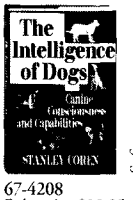

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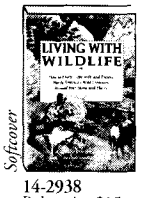

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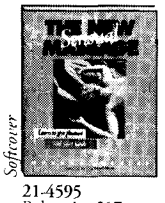

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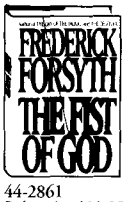

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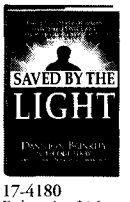

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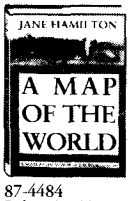

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FREUDIAN SLIPPING: From a review of *Scout's Honor*, a book about pedophilia in the Boy Scouts, in the July 17 *Cleveland Plain Dealer*: "[T]he sins seem primarily ones of omission, of failing to adequately police the volunteer ranks to keep molesters from slipping through the cracks."
(Thanks to Dr. Jack Null, Kent, Ohio.)

HOW CAN YOU PUBLISH AN ISSUE OF *THE NEW YORKER* AND NOT BRING UP THE SUBJECT OF O.J. SIMPSON, PART II?
Lead of a profile of Oliver Stone by Stephen Schiff in the August 8, 1994, *New Yorker*:
"It is a hot afternoon in Los Angeles during the summer of O.J. Simpson—three days after the murders of his ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman, two days before the epic journey in the white Bronco and O.J.'s arrest . . . "

HERE COMES THE JUDGE: Carried away by our disappointment about the lack of scholars among President Clinton's federal court nominees, we erroneously stated last week that the Senate had not yet confirmed Guido Calabresi's nomination to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. Happily, and very discreetly, Judge Calabresi was confirmed on July 18.

SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER: This is a double issue; TNR will not appear next week. The editors have no idea what they will be doing. •

THE FLAPJACK FILE

BACK TO SCHOOL

By Douglas G. McGrath

Saturday, July 23, 1994

No matter how much they teach us not to become attached to the president, I can't help feeling sorry for the rough week Flapjack had. First there was the awful starvation in Rwanda, which so affected him that he ordered tons of food dropped. "I know exactly how the poor Rwandans feel," Flap said, signing the order. "Sometimes you're in the drive-through lane and you're completely panicked 'cause there are four or five cars ahead of you and some guy doesn't have his money ready, and you're almost finished with your candy bar and you just freak that your stomach will digest itself before you ever get food again."

Also, the Whitewater hearings are set, so Mr. Gonzalez and Ms. Waters came over for a secret meeting. Mr. Gonzalez said he would focus on an area unlikely to embarrass the president: Did Madison Guaranty Bank improperly lure customers with its promise of free toasters, and if so, were the toasters faulty? As a reward, Flap promised to help Mr. G. in his next election by not campaigning for him. Flap asked Ms. Waters if she had anything she'd like to add. She said, "Shut up!" Flap flinched but then she smiled and said, "Just practicing."

Finally, the First Family is once again having trouble finding a place to go on vacation. Flap wants to go back to Martha's Vineyard but Mr. McNamara has said not until the missing towels from last year are returned. Mr. Steph told Mr. McNamara that the towels must have been taken by the press but Mr. McNamara told Mr. Steph that no press stayed in his house. Flap said desperately, "Tell him Chelsea was on the school paper!" Mr. Altman, who hangs around all the time now trying to get back in Flap's good graces, said, "I'll send him *our* towels! We have the same first initial!"

To make matters worse, Flap almost didn't get to go to his thirtieth high school reunion: King Hussein and Prime Minister Rabin wanted to come early to sign their peace agreement. When he heard this, Flap exploded and threw a pen at Mr. Panetta. It missed and hit Mr. Bentsen instead. Flap apologized but Mr. B. shrugged it off. "Not to worry," he said graciously, and then looked down at Mr. Altman, who was polishing his shoes. "At least you didn't stab me in the back." Flap turned to Mr. P. and said, "Leon, I can't miss this reunion. I'll be the most popular person there."

"*Well*," Mr. Greenberg said, looking up from Flap's new approval numbers, "maybe not *the* most popular."

Sunday, July 24 HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

The reunion. Flap was at his best—knew every face and name as if it were yesterday: "Hey, Sally, you look wonderful. Aren't you parting your hair a quarter of an inch more to the left? I sure like it. Did your brother ever find his bike lock? We have a clause in the new crime bill that makes bike lock theft a federal crime punishable by death. Did your Dad ever have any luck with those termites? I didn't know him but I sure liked him. Anyway, good to talk with you. It really makes me wish we'd met more than just that once."

Then a special Flap slide show began. There were pictures from the clubs he was in (he was even in a club called the "Club for Ideas About New Clubs"), and, after about fifteen slides, there were shots of the homecoming parade. Flap had designed the entry for the Calculus Club. It was a six-foot float of the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle made entirely of water balloons.

The only uncomfortable moment occurred when a slide came up showing a letter the young Flap had written his junior year. It read, "Dear Colonel Allen, I received an induction notice informing me that I am

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expected to begin duty as a Crossing Guard. This is a very dangerous job which, if ever I were hit, might impede my plans to become president in 1988. (To be truthful, Mama and I aren't sure if I will run in '88 yet; I may just give a speech at the convention.) Therefore, I request a deferment. But I am planning to enroll in the Reserve Crossing Guard Corps. (I have not yet done so, but only because no organization exists at present.)"

Before I could read more, the slide was yanked. Ms. Rodgers, Flap's friend who organized the show, was ashen. "I'm sorry, Bill," she said. "I should never have let Cliff Jackson's sister load the machine.

Thursday, July 28

Back home, and Flap's pretty blue. His health care bill essentially is dead. One committee or another has killed the employer mandate, regional alliances and universal coverage, and the only thing anyone agrees on is that the lavish, politically unpopular health plan now given to members of Congress will not be changed in any way. Furthermore, the Whitewater hearings are turning out to be a partisan spectacle. Even Flap thought Mr. Gonzalez went too far when he announced at the opening session that the Republicans could not use verbs in their questions.

"I wish we could get some of that feeling we had down in Arkansas up here," Flap sighed to Mr. Steph, who testifies tomorrow. They discussed how best to do this and Mr. Steph phoned the groundskeeper. They start building the cesspool tomorrow.

When Mr. Bentsen heard of this development, he thought it was "super." And as a gesture of support, he said he would gladly lend Mr. Altman to help.

DOUGLAS G. MCGRATH is a frequent TNR contributor.

Keep your job, keep your life.

WORKING STIFFS

By Alex Heard

Dear R—:
It's been brought to my attention that my colleagues' problems with the garage are in retribution for the 'sins' I have committed.... Rest assured that I am a most careful and courteous driver ever since 'B' yelled at me with such force that he spotted my dress with saliva (the rage and hatred in his eyes were far worse than the spittle)!... I demand that you direct your staff to stop its vengefulness and persecution....
—A recent note from W, a female realtor, to the manager of her building's parking garage

You've probably read that an unknown someone has been trying to kill scientists in a prestigious biology lab at Rockefeller University in New York, using various means of intra-office sabotage. The mysterious madperson, presumably a fellow employee of the intended stiffs, allegedly laced the lab's coffee-break sugar with a potentially lethal chemical (sodium fluoride), left numerous unlit Bunsen burners running and pumping out natural gas and papered a women's bathroom with threatening notes.

Why? Authorities have reflexively frogged toward big explanations, such as the pressure of cutting-edge research. Could be, but why overlook the first theory that leaps to the mind of anyone who's ever worked in an office? Maybe the perp just hates his colleagues and, based on common workplace irritants, wants to kill them. You can imagine the affronts that might have pushed an assassin over the edge: nerdy chortling over the physics boners in "Star Trek: The Next Generation," cheap Wallabies that make "squish" noises on linoleum, pipette-related practical jokes.

In fact, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics, there's a good chance that you'll show up at your own job some day with a "To Do" notepad that reads: WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM. A chilling report released by the Bureau last month found that the workplace is the setting for nearly 1 million violent crimes a year. Sixteen percent of assaults and 4 percent of homicides occur on the job; and the number of murdered bosses has doubled in the past decade. Four Mr. Dithers per month get it right between the eyes from their underlings.

Again, while there could be sweeping sociological reasons for this slaughter—job loss, fallout from the "breakdown of community"—is it alarmist to assume that much of it was caused by the wee annoyances that make up the unpleasant side of office life? By, say, "Mom," the fortyish woman who turns her desk into a home-away-from-home—complete with a humidifier that gives off sparks—and who snaps at the mumbling, friendless computer sysop when he lobs his leftover breakfast burrito into her wicker waste basket? Or by "the Aesthete," the twentysomething paste-up artist with the Prince Valiant fopcut who coos about *The Piano* within earshot of a Lucky-smoking carpetlayer?

Probably not. The sad reality of end-of-the-century America is that the judicious stance on any trend is goggle-eyed, omnidirectional terror. Post-O.J., all famous people must be considered powderkegs until they manage to live an entire life without murdering somebody. And now, post-Rockefeller, smart job planning has to include a sick realization. Sartre was inexact: Hell is other people, but especially the ones connected to you by a phone system that allows them to smash your morning with "speaker" jabber. Before you lose your life—or snatch one—think about two key questions that could save your soul.

How Do I Avoid Being Killed at Work? If you do nothing else, learn from W, the realtor cited above. The single greatest hazard in modern offices is the unnatural frat-

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ernization among smug yuppies and the physically stronger blue-collar types below them. Hence, nothing is more foolish than W's decision to tangle with her parking-garage Cerburi, who are forced to watch her rip carelessly down the ramp in her $50,000 Range Rover—a postmodern Magoo with a cellular pressed to her flapping jaw. W fails to realize that it's always smarter to shoot aggression-and-hatred rays up—at your superiors, about whom you can secretly rail in tribal healing sessions with other people at your level. To anyone below you, the only safe option is to present a facade of benignness bolstered by occasional outbursts of toadying.

The building I work in is still under construction and way behind schedule, so it's trebly important to put up the right front. All around us toil hard-working men who instinctively loathe us, and who are getting lashed by evil higher powers: architects. The day I entered my new office, looking softer than a member of Team Madeline, a surly guy stood in the hall hammering nails and his thumbs. My first thought was, "*Damn!* My floor space isn't as ample as indicated on the blueprints!" My first (loud) words were: "I wish I had the talent, skill and grace to perform jobs like this."

How Do I Avoid Killing at Work? That's tricky, and frankly, it remains to be seen whether my colleagues can resist doing something bookable. For six weeks we slaved in a temporary bunker that was Hieronymus Bosch's version of a college newspaper office: ceilings aglow with harsh fluorescents, arctic blasts from an A.C. that never shut off. Now we're in a fancy new crib, but the jackhammering and earth-moving are making it hard to concentrate.

As cowards, we "process" this rage indirectly. (Last week a co-worker screamed obscenities at the ceiling.) But there walk among us people who could easily be targets of an office hate-crime: the team of "interior consultants." Despite some gaping design flaws that demand attention—the doors leading to the exercise room, for example, open into a full view of the showers—this crew has found time to hector us for the way our books are shelved. So far we've attacked them via e-mail, but a more dangerous possibility has presented itself—a setup. Over the weekend a beleaguered carpenter was here working overtime on the complicated central staircase, only to discover late Saturday afternoon that the last two joints on the balustrade didn't meet. "Is this right???" he despairingly scrawled on the wood, along with an unprintable word.

Monday morning the design team will find an anonymous note. "Several people in the office over the weekend report that the workman on the second-floor staircase was drunk, rude and incoherently babbling about the 'dumbasses who designed this cobby crap.' It is demanded that you put a stop to his belligerence."

That should at least be good for an entertaining punch-out.

ALEX HEARD is a senior editor at *Outside* magazine.

KIEV POSTCARD

BIG GUNS

By Anna Husarska

There's a post-Soviet phrase hailing the inventor of the AK-47: "God merely created man; equality was made possible thanks to General Kalashnikov." I recalled this as I was sitting in the office of Dmytro Korchinsky, the deputy chairman of the Ukrainian Nationalist Assembly (UNA). As he spoke, he absentmindedly drew machine guns on a piece of paper. He also sketched some bows and arrows and gave me copies of his organization's publications, which contained manual-like descriptions of various guns and tips on how to clean them. Electoral posters in his office were not unlike Hitlerjugend propaganda. One read: "POWER, ORDER AND PROSPERITY." Below the slogan was a photograph of an idealized Ukrainian family—a hard-eyed father in black uniform, a mother in after-work-commissar hairdo. And below the photo was more text, reminding voters that "our people are used to living in a great state. We will make Ukraine great again, so people won't have to change their habits."

I first became acquainted with UNA and its sister organization, the Ukrainian Nationalist Self-Defense Organization (UNSO), a few days before the Ukrainian parliamentary elections in March. I was having a leisurely vodka with some friends in Kiev when a strange campaign ad came on T.V. It was for UNA-UNSO, and it showed a lot of war scenes, shooting, tanks, burning houses, people brandishing crucifixes, Nazi-style salutes. The ad was so simplistic and brutal that I thought it must be propaganda *against* something. But against what? War? Fascism? Before I could make up my mind, a vaguely military song welled up: "Let the beastly fights rage, because it is better to die as a wolf than to live as a dog. I won't be let into paradise, but I know that in hell there is UNA-UNSO." Suddenly, I understood the spot. It wasn't *against* anything. It was *for* this stuff. This is what the group's supporters liked.

My companions pooh-poohed the ad and told me that the group was marginal and had no real following. Only Larisa, a charming Jewish woman with whom I went on a trolley earlier that day to Babi Yar, the ravine where 33,000 Jews were murdered by the Nazis in 1941, was skeptical. She said the cult of UNA-UNSO (UNA is political; UNSO is paramilitary) was no different from the cult of Vladimir Zhirinovsky—just weaker. Larisa was right, my friends were wrong: three UNA-UNSO candidates were elected to the Ukrainian parliament in March. The group, which claims to have

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Mr. Gephardt... Don't Turn Back the Clock on Health Care Reform!

There are some who see the current health care debate as an opportunity to turn back the clock. And they have a plan to do it. They call it "any willing provider." Sounds innocent enough. But here's what *The New York Times* had to say in an editorial entitled "A Sneak Attack on Health Reform".

> "...[any willing provider's] effect would be insidious, because it would eliminate a health plan's ability to contain costs...The provision would also undermine quality...Any-willing-provider provisions are a magnificent way to protect physicians... But they would strike a terrible blow against cost containment and quality control for patients in whose name reform has been proposed."
>
> –*The New York Times*

The New York Times is not alone. The National Governors Association agrees. *The Washington Post* agrees. The Federal Trade Commission agrees. Noted economists agree. Lawton Chiles agrees. Roy Romer agrees. Howard Dean agrees. Missouri agrees. The *Baltimore Sun* and many other thoughtful news journals, big and small, agree.

Mr. Gephardt, don't let those who are intent on turning back the clock on health care reform have the past as their future. **"Any willing provider" will mean higher costs...compromised quality...and more inefficiencies in an already bloated system.**

Mr. Gephardt... The Future is Now.

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10,000 members, rallied votes by marching through Lviv and other towns in western Ukraine wearing military fatigues and black berets.

The UNA-UNSO headquarters occupy four small rooms in the cellar of a house just off the main square in Kiev. When I went to meet Korchinsky, I was led to a small office by a young man with crew cut, military jacket, jeans and sneakers. Crammed into the room was a huge portrait of Stepan Bandera, the legendary founder of the Ukrainian Nationalist Organization, which fought Stalin's and Hitler's armies in the woods of western Ukraine. There was also a computer, a map of Georgia and a portrait of Fidel Castro; on the shelves were a few pairs of black military boots and several topographical maps. In the bathroom—which I inspected before I left—the one piece of graffiti read: "Where Muscovites Belong." It was accompanied with an arrow pointing to the hole-in-the-floor toilet.

Korchinsky, 30 years old, handsome, with a Walesa-like mustache, was in civilian clothes. Another man who accompanied Korchinsky, but refused to identify himself, wore a camouflage uniform and a red-and-black armband with a stylized cross and the letters UNSO. Korchinsky railed against a lot of things, but he complained most vociferously about the article in the Criminal Code of Ukraine (inherited from the USSR) that forbids participation in paramilitary groups. Members of UNA-UNSO cannot bear arms, at least within the borders of Ukraine. (They can only draw them.)

And yet here he was, sitting in his Kiev office and telling me about his clearly paramilitary organization, about the volunteers UNA-UNSO trains in defiance of a government ban and about the group's various missions: to Abkhazia to fight on the Georgian side against the Russian-inspired separatists; to Moldova to fight against the pro-Romanian majority; to Yugoslavia to fight for the Serbs against the Bosnians.

Recently, the group sent volunteers to Crimea. "Not to fight—no, not yet," Serguei Vinchuk, a visibly influential UNA-UNSO member, explained to me. "Just to gather information. You know, intelligence work." Dubbed "active recreation" groups, the volunteers "propagate the ideas of Ukrainian statehood and nationalism in the peninsula." These "active holiday-makers" are motivated out of the simple desire "to protect the interests of the Ukrainians residing in the Crimea."

The goals of UNA-UNSO, according to its leaders, are to overthrow the current Ukrainian government, because it is anti-national; to fight the mafia, because it is criminal; to fight homosexuals, because they are an aberration of nature; to fight the Jews, because they own all the banks and media. Vinchuk wants revolutionary masses to take power in Ukraine. Only the "force factor" can save the nation. He is sure that there will be war in Kiev soon, patriots on one side, "the sell-out power structure" on the other. If Russia attacks any part of Ukraine, UNA-UNSO's leaders assured me, there will be terrorist acts in Moscow. The IRA, the Kurdish resistance movement, the Afghan Mujahedin, the Cuban revolutionaries are all role models.

How dangerous is all that? Not very dangerous yet, but it could be. In June, a UNA-UNSO member of Parliament, Oleh Vitovych, called on Ukraine to halt the withdrawal of nuclear weapons from the country. The motion was backed by 141 of the body's 450 deputies, including the Communists, setting up the possibility of a black-red alliance. Interestingly, the recently elected president, Leonid Kuchma, has similar views; perhaps it is because his last job outside politics was as director of Yuzhmash, the biggest missile factory in the former Soviet Union.

Kuchma was elected with 54 percent of the nation's overall vote, but his opponent, Leonid Kravchuk, who claimed he was the true guardian of Ukraine's independence, got 94 percent of the ballots in Lviv; eleven other western regions strongly supported him, too. Voters in those areas who find themselves with a president whom they do not back may consider UNA-UNSO as a repository of their resentment. Meanwhile, in Crimea and Eastern Ukraine, where Kuchma got between 80 percent and 90 percent of the votes, there are strong pro-Russian sentiments. In the coal-mining Donbass region, voters pronounced themselves in favor of closer links with Russia by a margin of ten to one.

Divisions like those are the stuff nationalist dreams are made of. •

ON THE HILL

TRUE LIES

By Weston Kosova

At ten minutes to midnight on Tuesday, as Roger Altman's testimony before the Senate Banking Committee heaved into its ninth hour, chairman Donald Riegle took the microphone. "I think that a lot of what we're saying is becoming repetitive," he cautioned. "That is to say, someone reading the transcript would find that some of the questions we've said have been repeated twice or three or four times."

Not a bad crack, considering the hour; but it was not supposed to be funny, and nobody laughed. Riegle was merely obeying the unwritten law of the Senate, which is that four words are better than one. Every thought that might be spoken is spoken. And no cliché goes unfinished. Nothing is "first"; it is "first and foremost." Nothing is last; it is "last but not least." Every "full" is "full and complete," every "open" is "open and honest."

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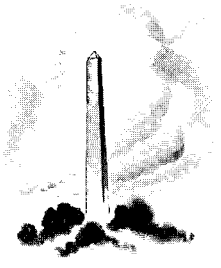
The hearings began Friday, July 29, at 10 a.m. Two hours later the senators were still delivering their opening statements. Some were comic in their ceremoniousness: Phil Gramm and Lauch Faircloth, perhaps reliving the ritual murder of Democratic mandarins during the BCCI glory days, repeatedly referred to the Deputy Treasury Secretary as "Robert Altman," while Carol Moseley-Braun vaguely addressed various members of the panel as Mr. President. "We . . . need to work conscientiously but quickly to complete our review," she intoned portentously. "We have a lot to accomplish before the Congress adjourns for the year in October. We need to get on with it. We need to do all of the people's business." Others were just plain pretentious: Barbara Boxer used her time to deliver a lecture on the horrors of depression.

But the senators weren't the only ones guilty of verbal atrocities. From the other side of the table, star administration witnesses lobbed refurbished Nixonian classics back at them. Remember "Senator, I want to be perfectly clear on this point"? A favorite way back in 1974, it was exhumed by the prodigious and synthetic Joshua Steiner, the chief of staff at Treasury and author of the last Washington diary—ever. The phrase indicates the desire to make oneself as difficult to comprehend as possible. Steiner, who had the dim look of a man whose résumé was flashing before his eyes, repeatedly invoked this formulation over the course of his seven-hour testimony, and then proceeded to disavow everything he had written. He lied, it turns out, to his diary. (To what must have been Steiner's horror, Orrin Hatch, who has the weird habit of whipping out billboard-sized enlargements of documents, was sitting in on the committee as a guest member.)



Steiner's ploy wasn't merely disingenuous; it was obvious. "You have a convenient memory here today, but these diaries speak for themselves," Richard Shelby sneered. Other senators were just as eager to unharness their contempt for him. Al D'Amato and Jim Sasser both addressed him as "Josh." Even Boxer, in an attempt to elicit sympathy for Steiner, got off a condescending compliment. "You remind me of two people I respect very much," she told him. "My son and my daughter."

Steiner's colleague Jean Hanson, the head lawyer at Treasury, dusted off a euphemism of her own. "I have no independent recollection of . . . " This phrase served her particularly well. Hanson, you'll remember, told the committee that Altman instructed (or, as she put it, "tasked") her to tell White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum about the investigation into Madison Guaranty. But the senators pulled out a memo found in her office in which she plainly says that she did it of her own volition. Her explanation? "This is the type of memo I would write," she said, falling back on stylistic analysis. "It has my initials. But I have no independent recollection of writing it." The senators, alas, had an independent recollection of reading it.

For his part, Altman was trapped by the clever sleight of lip he had used to outfox the committee the last time he appeared before it: the now infamous "substantive meeting." Asked in February if he'd had any contacts with White House officials about Whitewater, Altman, according to Steiner's damnable log, "gracefully ducked" the question by saying that he'd had only one substantive meeting. He spent ten hours Tuesday night trying gracefully to duck the graceful duck. He failed.

But the hearing's most frequently invoked wordplay was the venerable "to the best of my knowledge" or "to the best of my recollection," as in, "To the best of my knowledge, senator, I didn't have any contacts with Mr. Nussbaum at all." Steiner, Hanson and Altman all used this one. It is essentially a Kevlar jacket against perjury.

The Committee's equally tiresome response to the stonewalling was to bludgeon witnesses with the same questions over and over again. This may have been an attempt to so frustrate them that they'd break down; more likely it was unintentional. Most of the senators on the panel had prepared lists of questions, and strayed in and out of the room waiting for their turn at the microphone. When their number came up, they would simply launch into their text, unaware or unconcerned that the ground had already been covered. Hanson was particularly brutalized in this way. She was clearly not straining to tell the truth, and her uncanny ability to remember everyone who attended a meeting but forget everything they said was certain to infuriate her inquisitors. Still, it was obvious an hour or so into the questioning that they were not going to get any information out of her. But instead of dismissing her, they strung Hanson up like a piñata and beat the stuffing out of her for six interminable hours longer.

Steiner and Altman suffered similar fates. Cool and a little haughty throughout his interrogation, Steiner kept the committee at bay for more than seven hours. He didn't begin to show signs of wear until D'Amato launched into him in the final moments, shrieking about Steiner's "lame-brained explanation" that his diary was just meant to be an "impressionistic" interpretation of events. (Imagine the trouble he'd be in if his diary had been pointillistic.) "Words have meaning," D'Amato spewed. "Don't come here today and say it was just an impression." When D'Amato was finished with him, Steiner's eyes were moist. Altman barely looked sentient when he rose from his chair at 2 a.m. Wednesday. Later that day, he was cruelly scheduled to appear before the House's Whitewater panel. In the war between candor and stamina, stamina won. Nobody came close to making a case that Altman tried to interfere with the Madison investigation, let alone succeeded. Altman is an unlikely villain. The extent of his sins against the committee is that he was a bit too clever in finessing his testimony; and in trying to recuse himself, he was trying to act ethically. It was the White House that wanted him to act unethi-

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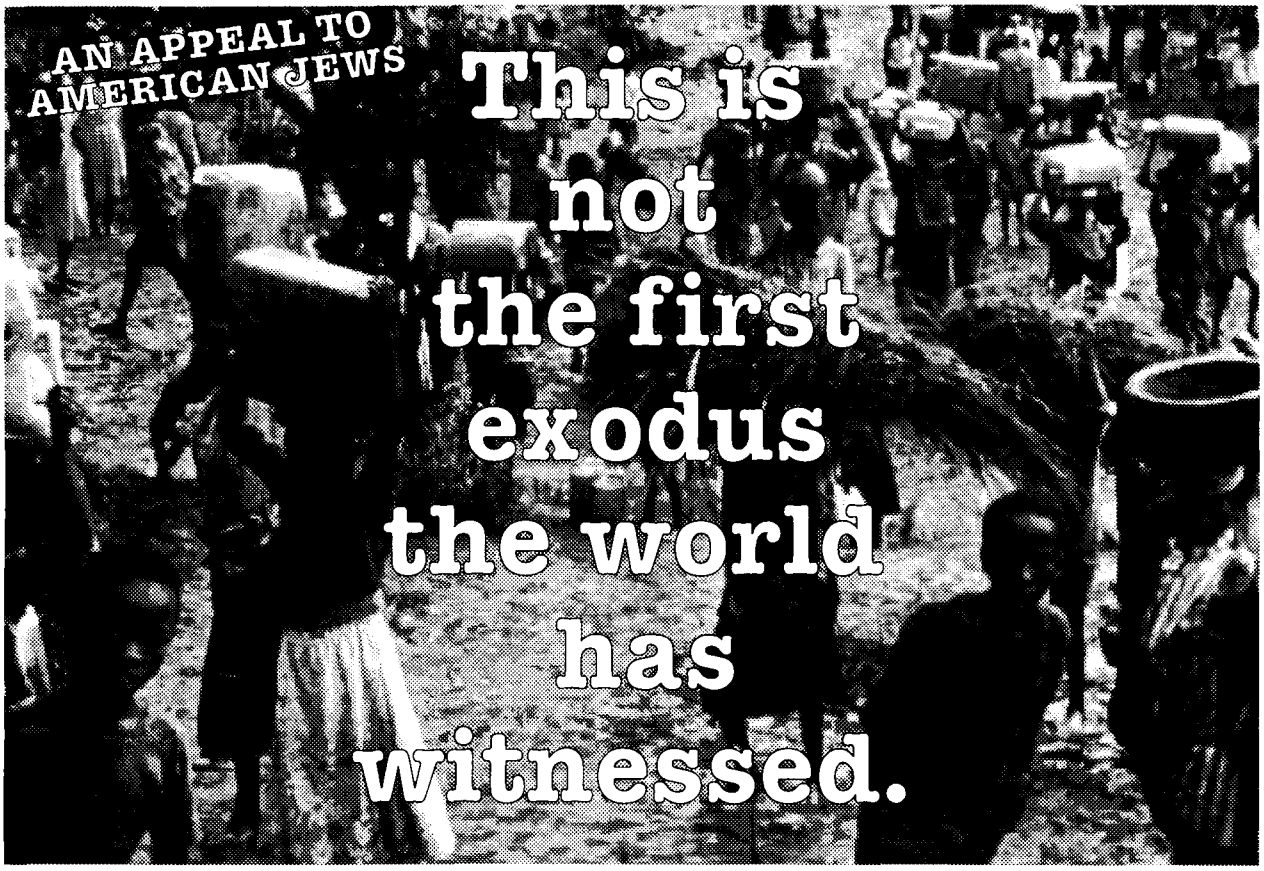

Photograph by Frank Fournier-Contact Press Images

Help us provide assistance to the refugees in Zaire and Tanzania.

We cannot turn away from the terrible suffering of the Rwandan people. As Jews, we too have experienced the horrors of genocide, hopelessness and exile. Our history cries out to us to do all we can to save the lives of Rwandans now struggling to survive.

Since April, as many as 500,000 men, women and children have died, and more than 2 million refugees have created an exodus of biblical proportions. Cholera and scarce sources of food, clean water and medical care have put hundreds of thousands in imminent danger.

In response, and at the request of the United Nations, the State of Israel has sent eight planes filled with medical supplies, doctors, nurses and equipment. We applaud this effort.

In addition, also at the United Nation's request, leading American Jewish organizations have joined with the Israeli humanitarian Abie Nathan to provide doctors, medical facilities, shelter, community/education centers and other assistance for some of the most vulnerable of these refugees.

The American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee is coordinating this effort. The project is being carried out with the African-American Institute.

With your help we have the power to reach out to tens of thousands of Rwanda's refugees.

We have done it before. We can do it again. Through a concerted effort by American Jews, we can give Rwandan refugees the gift of life.

But this vast humanitarian project cannot succeed without you. As the world watches, the people of Rwanda cry out for help. In the most literal sense, the power to snatch life from the jaws of death rests in your hands.

This ad prepared by Miller Advertising Agency, Inc. New York

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Sanhedrin IV, 5

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cally and twist in his awkward place.

It's no surprise that the hearings haven't yielded much in the way of enlightenment. (As this magazine goes to print, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen has just pulled up a chair behind the felt-covered table.) They were designed not to. It was clear before the first witness was sworn in that there would be no shocking revelations, or even unshocking ones. Special Counsel Robert Fiske saw to that, preferring the pleasures of the courtroom to the pleasures of the theater. The danger, of course, is that the American people will be cheated out of both. •

Rwanda's killer radio.

SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE

By Bill Berkeley

"I did not believe the Tutsis were coming to kill us," says Alfred Kiruhura, his face knotted with anxiety, "but when the government radio continued to broadcast that they were coming to take our land, were coming to kill the Hutus—when this was repeated over and over—I began to feel some kind of fear."

Kiruhura, 29, is an illiterate peasant who has spent most of his life cultivating sorghum and sweet potatoes on the steep mountain slopes of Kibungu Prefecture in eastern Rwanda. He is now in captivity—an admitted member of the *Interahamwe*, the death squads that have stabbed, clubbed and hacked to death up to half a million Rwandans, mostly ethnic Tutsis and opposition Hutus, since the beginning of April. Human rights groups, the United Nations and even, reluctantly, the U.S. State Department have described this systematic slaughter as "genocide," yet no one has explained how thousands of peasants who say they had never killed before could have been lured, incited or coerced into participating in mass murder on par with this century's worst massacres.

One answer, according to captive killers like Kiruhura and other moderate Hutus who were targeted by death squads but managed to escape, lies in the sinister propaganda broadcast by radio stations affiliated with the now-deposed Rwandan government. This was the match that started the fire, they say. Their actions were motivated not by hatred, but by fear—fear of their leaders and fear of those they sought to exterminate. The stations "were always telling people that if the RPF [the rebel Rwandan Patriotic Front] comes, it will return Rwanda to feudalism, that it would bring oppression," Kiruhura says. "We didn't know the RPF. We believed what the government told us."

"Defend your rights and rise up," the singer on the radio repeated as drums beat and guitars strummed a traditional African folk melody. It was early July, less than a week before the Rwandan capital of Kigali fell to the RPF and the government fled to Zaire, yet state-owned Radio Rwanda was still calling the Hutus to arms. The singer was crooning in riddles, addressing *Mbira abumva*: "those who can understand." Beware, he told the *Bene sebahinzi*—the sons of cultivators, the Hutus—of the *Bene sebatunzi*—the sons of pastoralists, the Tutsis. "Defend your rights and rise up against those who want to oppress you."

Long before the still-unexplained April 6 plane crash of President Juvenal Habyarimana, Radio Rwanda and a station owned by members of Habyarimana's inner circle, Radio Milles Collines, had been terrorizing the Hutus with warnings about the evil Tutsi-led RPF and Hutu oppositionists, who were labeled "enemies" or "traitors" and who "deserved to die." Endless speeches, songs and slogans demonized the Tutsis. Hutus were warned that the Tutsis were coming to kill them, take their land, reclaim the dominant role they had enjoyed for centuries, before they were ousted in the bloody Hutu uprising that led to Rwanda's independence from Belgium in 1962.

On March 31, for example, according to transcripts compiled by the United Nations Assistance Mission to Rwanda, Radio Rwanda attributed to the RPF an ideology of "ethnic purification," which the Habyarimana regime itself was preparing to carry out. The station reported that the Coalition for the Defense of the Republic (CDR), an avowedly racist offshoot of Habyarimana's National Republican Movement for Democracy and Development, was "pacifist and realistic because it recognizes the ethnic problem which has been eating away at our country for centuries." The CDR "denounced the ideology of ethnic purification preached by many extremist RPF members," and "urged the RPF to renounce once and for all its ideology of power struggle based on vengeance and revenge."

After Habyarimana's death, and throughout the ensuing genocidal terror, Radio Milles Collines broadcast messages such as "The enemy is out there—go get him" and "The graves are only half full." On May 29 Radio Rwanda presented a "special edition" called "Time we are undergoing." The announcer asserted that the RPF was "cheating people with smooth words while it is a wolf which covers itself with a sheep's skin. They are killing Hutu and lie that they do no harm to them." The announcer reminded listeners, whom he called the "common numerous people," that the *Inyenzi* (cockroaches)—the government's term for the rebels—had "butchered Hutu in Ruhengeri, Byumba, Kingungu and Kigali." None of this was true. He went on to warn that the RPF's radio songs "are nothing [but] an expression of nostalgic feelings of Tutsi monarchy," repeating an unsubstantiated charge that the RPF was responsible for the crash that killed Habyarimana. The announcer said that when the president died, the rebels "burst into

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crocodile tears," when in fact they had "hijacked [his] plane and prepared the massacres committed afterward." He urged Hutus to "stand and fight instead of ... deserting the battlefield or joining the RPF, for it will eventually kill them." If one refuses to shed blood for his country, the announcer concluded, "it is drunk by dogs," adding, "Better be in the grave than be a coward."

Throughout the terror, Radio Rwanda and Radio Milles Collines have systematically blurred the distinction between rebel soldiers and Tutsi civilians. On May 23, for example, Radio Rwanda warned its listeners of what it called the "means and clues that the *Inyenzi* use to infiltrate in a given zone." It said RPF soldiers "change their clothing appearance most of the time, trying to be confused with ordinary people who till the soil and go to the market." Hutus were urged to "guard seriously the roadblock," a reference to the checkpoints where Tutsis were selected for slaughter.

On June 1 Radio Milles Collines described the rebels as "criminals" responsible for a series of harrowing massacres, a fact it claimed had been "confirmed by international sources." The station said the rebels were "gathering people in a village and killing them with bullets, gathering people in a mosque and killing them with machete, throwing people tied up into the Akagera River, killing a [pregnant] woman and taking out the fetus, which is ground and given to the family to eat before they are killed." There has been no credible evidence to support charges of such widespread abuses by the RPF. Nevertheless, the broadcast concluded: "This is the real face of the RPF. These people are not Rwandans, they are revengeful Ugandans. We hate them, we are disgusted with them, and nobody will accept that they take power. These people do not deserve to live in Rwanda or to represent Rwanda."

The impact of such a message on an overwhelmingly peasant population cannot be overstated. Take the case of Emmanuel Kamuhanda, an 18-year-old *Interahamwe* militiaman who has admitted to killing fifteen people from his home village. "The government told us that the RPF is Tutsi and if it wins the war all the Hutus will be killed," he says. "As of now, I don't believe this is true." And as he was killing? "At the time, I believed that the government was telling the truth."

Even Tutsis whose families were attacked blame the radio broadcasts for exploiting Hutu ignorance. "The popular masses in Rwanda are poorly educated," says a Tutsi businessman whose wife and children are presumed dead. "Every time the powers that be say something, it's an order. They believe someone in political authority. Whatever this person demands, it's as if God was demanding it."

Even if that person is calling for genocide? "All the Westerners who come here ask us this question," says Sixbert Musangamfura, a Hutu journalist. "They forget the evil of Hitler's propaganda. The propaganda heard here resembles the propaganda made by Joseph Goebbels. People received this propaganda all day long. It is the propaganda that is at the base of this tragedy." Says Bonaventure Ubalijoro, a former Rwandan ambassador to the United States and France: "In America, you understand the effect of propaganda on people. If there was a very influential person with a well-financed propaganda machine saying, 'You have to kill all the rich people,' do you think there would not be people who would respond?" Particularly, he added, if that influential person also controlled the apparatus of the state, including the police and the army?

In early July the RPF was poised to capture Kigali, and the huge exodus of Hutus into Zaire was beginning. Aid workers there reported that virulent radio broadcasts warned Hutus that the Tutsis were coming to kill them. By late July, Rwanda's new Tutsi-dominated government had begun broadcasting messages encouraging refugees to return. Meanwhile, according to Jean-Luc Bodin, the head of Paris-based International Action Against Hunger, the deposed Rwandan government had taken a mobile radio transmitter into Zaire and was "scaring people out of their wits."

BILL BERKELEY is an Alicia Patterson Fellow reporting from Africa.

The unquiet American ambassador.

ALBRIGHT'S MISSION

By Jacob Heilbrunn

Madeleine Albright was on a mission. As members of the United Nations Security Council assembled on July 21, Albright worked the chamber, collaring one ambassador after another to win support for an impending resolution sanctioning an American invasion of Haiti. And she delivered. On July 31 the Security Council approved Resolution 940, which was as much a referendum on Albright's ambassadorial skills as it was on the unseemly Haitian junta.

A savvy mixture of politician and academician, Madeleine Albright has emerged as the steadiest, most articulate voice on foreign policy in the Clinton administration. Albright, who repeatedly declares, "I am not a diplomat," is free of the lawyerly caution of Secretary of State Warren Christopher or the professorial hesitations of national security adviser Anthony Lake. Her decisiveness earns her kudos from both ends of the political spectrum: longtime friend Barbara Mikulski, a Democratic senator from Maryland, says that Albright "believes in closure, not just process"; conservative Jeane Kirkpatrick observes that "Albright has a broad back-

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ground in party politics that is indispensable for hammering out compromises."

Albright's strength, however, is also the source of her greatest weakness. The very moralism that animates her opposition to rogue regimes expresses itself in the reluctance to use American force unilaterally.

Albright, who ably pulled U.N. members into line on Haiti, has also led the charge to abandon the United States' traditional prerogative to intervene on its own in the Caribbean. Where Christopher has used multilateralism as a gambit to disguise the retreat of the United States from world affairs, Albright actually believes that the United States can adopt a leading role by acting under U.N.-led missions. The Haiti episode highlights her tortured attempt—and by extension, the Clinton administration's tortured attempt—to resolve the longstanding dilemma between morality and power by exercising American force under the auspices of the U.N. Their solution, which combines an abhorrence of American power with an indiscriminate embrace of multilateralism, has been a recipe for disaster.

DRAWING BY MATTHEW MARTIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Albright's approach to foreign affairs can be traced to her father, Josef Korbel, who she says "implanted" his values in her. Korbel studied international law at Charles University and entered the diplomatic service in the 1920s. He married in 1935, and he and his wife, Mandula, had three children; Madeleine was born in 1936. After postings in Paris, Belgrade and London—where the family spent World War II—Korbel was appointed to the United Nations Commission on India and Pakistan in 1947. In 1948, following the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, Korbel sought and received asylum in the United States for himself and his family. They settled in Colorado, where Korbel became a well-known scholar at the University of Denver and wrote numerous books, including *Tito's Communism* (1951) and *Twentieth-Century Czechoslovakia* (1976). In her speeches, Albright frequently evokes memories of her father and cites his works.

At Wellesley College, Albright indulged her twin passions: journalism and politics. She edited the school newspaper. And she was one of the few students on the overwhelmingly Republican campus to support Adlai Stevenson. While working as an intern at the *Denver Post* her sophomore year, she met newspaper heir Joseph Albright, who was also interning there. In 1959, three days after her graduation, they married and moved to Chicago, where he took a job at the *Sun Times*. It was here that Albright's career in journalism came to a halt; her husband's editor announced that it would be unprofessional for her to be a reporter. And her husband agreed. "You must remember the era," says Albright. The most that she could do was "sneak out and lick stamps" for Robert Kennedy. Albright worked briefly on the public relations staff of *Encyclopedia Britannica* in Chicago, then quit to move to Long Island, where her husband had been made city editor of *Newsday*.

While raising three daughters, Albright took classes at Columbia University, studying with Zbigniew Brzezinski. In 1968 she earned a certificate in Russian studies. Eight years later Columbia awarded her a Ph.D. for her dissertation on the role of the Czech press in the 1968 Prague Spring. Albright, who rose everyday at 4:30 in the morning to complete her Ph.D., recalls that "it was the hardest thing I ever did." Based on documents and numerous interviews with Czech dissidents, the work perceptively traces the emergence of the forces that would lead to the demise of the old regime. Albright maintained her ties to the dissidents: in 1989 she served as Vaclav Havel's adviser during his first state visit to the United States.

Albright remained involved in politics, too. In 1968 her husband joined *Newsday*'s Washington bureau; and in 1972 she worked on family friend Edmund Muskie's ill-fated presidential campaign. In 1976 she became chief legislative assistant to Muskie. She then moved on to the Carter White House, where she handled congressional relations for her old mentor Brzezinski at the National Security Council. Nineteen eighty, however, was a bad year: Carter lost and her husband left her. "It was a shock," Albright told *The Washington Post* in 1991. "Most of Washington knows that Joe left. I was very upset. I had been married for twenty-three years and I did not want a divorce."

Albright channeled her energies into academics. In

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Denouncing Bigotry

Every other year, AFT gives the Bayard Rustin Human Rights Award to a person who is distinguished in the struggle for human and civil rights. This year, we were privileged to make the award to Cynthia Tucker, the editorial page editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. In her acceptance speech, which was both generous and tough, Tucker talked about the racial and ethnic tensions that are threatening to tear our country apart, and she called on all Americans to unite in denouncing bigotry, no matter what its source.

America has a long tradition of pluralism and religious freedom, but it has an equally long tradition of prejudice and intolerance.

America has a long tradition of pluralism and religious freedom, Tucker said, but it has an equally long tradition of prejudice and intolerance: "As great as this nation is and as daring as its great democratic experiment has been, America is a place where bigotry and intolerance have always thrived. ... Racism and anti-Semitism are as American as Jim Crow and George Wallace and Father Coughlin." And no one group, Tucker said, has a monopoly on being bigoted—or on suffering because of the bigotry of others.

Tucker believes that the present moment is particularly bleak from the standpoint of racial and ethnic harmony. Even opinions about O.J. Simpson's guilt or innocence tend to break along racial lines. These divisions among groups in their opinions, concerns and goals lead many people to question the value of pluralism: "We have deep insecurities about this great experiment and the acceptance of peoples from many different countries with many different beliefs and attitudes. We have begun to wonder whether diversity is not a disadvantage."

Tucker talked about how she had been born at a time of extraordinary hopefulness, soon after *Brown* vs. *Board of Education* had struck down segregated schooling. As a young person, she believed this represented the path of the future: "I was confident that I would grow up in an America where racism was constantly receding and opportunity constantly expanding for all people, regardless of race or color or religion or gender or sexual orientation. ... I believed that in my lifetime people would be judged by the 'content of their character' rather than the 'color of their skin', as Dr. King had dared to dream."

But after the great advances of the 1950s and 1960s, the "racial fault lines began to reopen." Tucker cites the current situation on many college campuses as an example of how far we have turned away from King's dream. College campuses were once

> beacons of the promise of a fully integrated society. These days the stories one hears from college campuses are mostly ... stories of the disrespect or contempt one ethnic group holds for another.
>
> Perhaps most bewildering are the expressions of stark bigotry from some African-Americans. Given the racism, the contempt, the hatred, and the inhumanity to which black people have been subjected, it would seem that we would be most careful not to turn that same bigotry and hatred on other racial or ethnic groups. And yet, on college campuses, well-brought-up black kids, who ought to know better, are chanting to the anti-Semitic, homophobic, sexist rantings of a Khalid Muhammad.

Tucker suggests a number of reasons for the growth of hatred and bigotry—white backlash, economic and social upheaval—and she laments that the clergy, who, she says, ought to be helping us to free ourselves from this ugly frame of mind, are sometimes cheerleaders for it:

> Louis Farrakhan, after all, considers himself a religious leader, but he encourages anti-Semitism, homophobia, and sexism. Minister Farrakhan might not believe he has anything in common with Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell, but, in fact, he has much in common with them. Robertson and Falwell also teach bigotry and intolerance. They also seek to divide us.

Tucker's solution is both very simple and very difficult. Instead of "bickering over who has been most mistreated, black or Jew or Native American or gay," Americans must unite and denounce the evil of bigotry wherever it appears: "David Duke must be denounced. Louis Farrakhan must be denounced. Jesse Helms must be denounced. Jerry Falwell must be denounced."

But Tucker knows that, to some extent, these are "easy choices." And she calls on people to denounce the "everyday casual prejudice which keeps us separated from each other. ... [A]ll of us have the opportunity to stop a co-worker who says, 'Those Mexicans have too many babies.' All of us have a chance to gently upbraid a friend who says, 'Those blacks are so loud' ... [or] stop a conversation where someone says, 'Those Jews are so pushy.' This is where prejudice begins ... [and] this is our challenge."

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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Foggy Prospects

Even though last week's razzle-dazzle summit won Secretary of State Warren Christopher praise for his Middle East peace efforts, gossiping about his imminent departure remains a favorite Washington obsession—and with good reason. There's a strong chance the 68-year-old Californian will be out by early next year, replaced by a tougher, more political and more outspoken crafter of U.S. foreign policy. A possibility exists that Christopher can hang on, especially if he forges an Israel-Syria accord. But that would place his future in the hands of Syrian President Hafez al-Assad—hardly a reliable actor.

So who will succeed Christopher? Democrats, out of power for so long, don't have much of a farm team: they can't even find a new ambassador to China. The list of prospects is shifting, but for now the two most likely candidates for State are Walter Mondale, the U.S. ambassador to Japan, and Madeleine Albright, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. Mondale is said to be eager for the job, and Democrats are keen for him to have it—partly because he is the most available big gun but also because he would bring stature and experience to Foggy Bottom. He knows how to frame issues, build coalitions and articulate a message. As a former senator, he could be confirmed easily, though conservatives are sure to bristle at his liberal politics and his link to the demonized Carter administration. Still, he has good rapport with President Clinton. The only question is whether the former vice president would be too much competition for the president on the international stage.

Albright is also tight with Clinton, having advised his presidential campaign (as well as Mondale's and Michael Dukakis's). A scholar who knows the political implications of international decision-making, she gets high marks for her passion and her spirited defense of U.S. policies, even unpopular ones like Bosnia. She would be the first female secretary of state—no small consideration in this administration. Yet Albright is sniffed at by some White House insiders, who complain that she doesn't have enough star power. And her confirmation hearing would be a mess, with critics hammering away at Clinton's perceived international failures.

Still, Albright could be a more likely choice than other candidates who have been discussed over the past few months but whose chances have diminished. One is Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott. A trusted Clinton pal, he is an effective if sometimes arrogant communicator and an expert on Russia, but he is still feeling his way around other areas of the world. And his confirmation could be a problem. Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole is reluctant to approve another promotion for Talbott, who was special envoy to the former Soviet Union until earlier this year, and some American Jews recall his unfavorable *Time* magazine columns on Israel. It is more likely that Talbott will replace Anthony Lake as national security adviser, an appointive post, if Lake is forced out.

Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen's name has been floated, too, given his expertise in international economics and his status as an eminence grise. He can be smooth and forceful, as he was in arguing the case for NAFTA before Congress last fall. Yet he is no maven on broader foreign policy issues, and his age is a concern: at 73, he may be too old to take on the job's rigorous travel responsibilities. If that's not enough, his claims of ignorance on Whitewater-related activities have tainted him enough that his confirmation could not be assured.

A Republican mentioned by Washington insiders, Indiana Senator Richard Lugar, would be a creative choice for State, but the GOP's desire to attack the president's foreign policy probably rules him out. A former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Lugar is influential and more bipartisan than his colleagues, but he has become increasingly critical of Clinton's policies at home and abroad, and he is said to be considering a run for the White House. Similar questions surround Colin Powell, the former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Powell's credibility would go far in eliminating doubts about U.S. leadership. And he would be the first African American in the post. But his differences with Clinton on issues such as gays in the military may be too great—and he, too, is exploring a presidential bid.

What about the evergreens: Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell and Representative Lee Hamilton of Indiana? Mitchell, who would be available next January after he leaves office, has no special foreign policy expertise but is extremely well-regarded by Clinton. He would also have the support of his Senate colleagues, who have given the president fits on foreign aid. Yet Mitchell may well become baseball's next commissioner. Having passed on a more prestigious Supreme Court seat, he isn't likely to take the job at State. Hamilton, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has a reputation for integrity and is an influential foreign policy voice. But he's not well-known outside Washington and may be too much of a loner for the gregarious chief executive. Clinton also may be reluctant to have Hamilton give up a safe congressional seat and a committee chairmanship for what could be only a two-year post, especially if the Republicans approach a House majority after this fall's elections.

That leaves the wild cards—and with this president, there are always a few. Thomas Pickering, current ambassador to Russia and a former ambassador to the U.N. under George Bush, is the only career diplomat who could land at State. (He certainly has as much of a shot as Richard Holbrooke, the hyper-ambitious nominee to be assistant secretary of state for Europe, whose principal supporter is . . . Richard Holbrooke.) Pickering is competent and smart—he played a key role in building the U.S.-led coalition against Iraq in the Gulf war—but he has a big ego and no political experience. Adm. William Crowe, the U.S. ambassador to Britain, is a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and has both academic and military credentials. He gave Clinton critical backing in the 1992 campaign, helping offset the draft controversy. But he just got to London two months ago, which makes his ladder-climbing as problematic as Talbott's.

Then there's William Gray. A former representative from Pennsylvania who once chaired the House Budget Committee, Gray is Clinton's special envoy to Haiti. Although he is not a major national figure, Gray is respected in Congress and within the African American community; like Powell, he would be the first African American to head State. Yet he lacks broad foreign policy experience and, at age 52, may not have enough gravitas. Of course, if the crisis in Haiti is diffused, he could suddenly seem like a smart choice.

CAROL GIACOMO

Carol Giacomo, a Washington reporter, has covered the State Department for eight years.

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1982 she landed a teaching post at Georgetown's School of Foreign Service and went on to win a record four "teacher of the year" awards. Albright's approachability and knack for presenting complicated issues in plain language might have made her popular with students, but many of her colleagues sniffed at her credentials. They refused to permit her to teach a graduate course apart from one on "women and foreign policy"—a snub that still rankles.

She also remained involved in Democratic politics, running a think tank, the Center for National Policy, as well as an informal foreign policy salon. Through the internal exile of the Reagan and Bush years, hundreds of Democratic party stalwarts trooped to her Georgetown townhouse to discuss current events. These were not mere social gatherings, but sessions aimed at laying the groundwork for a Democratic return to power. Albright embraced Democratic orthodoxy on every position ranging from the nuclear freeze to withholding aid from the contras. But she denies being a traditional liberal. "I was an anti-Communist," she explains. "It took me a long time to oppose the Vietnam war—and I studied with Brzezinski."

After serving as foreign policy adviser to Walter Mondale's running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, in 1984, Albright counseled Michael Dukakis during his 1988 presidential campaign. Dukakis may have been beyond rescue on foreign affairs, but Albright did little to help him. In an interview with the *Christian Science Monitor* on July 27, 1988, she dispensed vague generalities: the United States had to take a "more aggressive" approach in the Middle East; it needed to "test and challenge" Mikhail Gorbachev.

Her hawkish protestations notwithstanding, Albright had also become wary of deploying American force abroad. The Gulf war offers the most conspicuous example. In October 1990 Albright told a group of House Democrats that going to war against Saddam Hussein was a mistake. There was nothing to keep the Iraqi leader from "setting off chemicals before we finish him." Albright's recommendation? Sanctions and, as a last resort, multilateralism. Barry Rubin, a professor at Hebrew University who talked before the same group, recounts that "I was distressed when foreign policy experts who saw themselves as liberals—influential people—were acting like caricatures of what conservatives view liberals as. Albright was acting in a foolishly partisan manner, warning them that Bush might do something sneaky, which he did not. She was playing to the worst instincts of the Democrats."

Albright now explains that she was not opposed to using force "ultimately" and that "there are a lot of us who know we were wrong." Indeed, the Gulf war has become Albright's mantra; she now sees it as the model for how the United States should deal with conflict around the globe, always with the caveat that if "vital interests" are involved the United States should act "unilaterally." When pressed on what constitutes a vital interest, Albright could only come up with South Korea—ironically, the one war successfully prosecuted with U.N. troops.

In 1992 Albright's years of politicking paid off. Though her presidency of the Center for National Policy obliged her to remain officially neutral, she advised the Clinton campaign informally. It was no surprise, then, when Albright, who had been hoping to land the job of national security adviser, was named to the U.N. post, which had just been upgraded to Cabinet status.

The real surprise has been the extent of Albright's power. She has transformed the job of U.N. ambassador from that of a sometimes theatrical messenger to architect and articulator of foreign policy. One reason for her influence is that her portfolio runs through the NSC. On Haiti and Bosnia, two of the most important international issues of the day, the council has been a far bigger player than the State Department. Another less remarked upon explanation has to do with the structure of Clinton's foreign policy apparatus: there are lots of empty corridors. Christopher has focused almost exclusively on the Middle East, leaving the rest of the world up for grabs. Small wonder that Albright, with her Cabinet rank, has played a key role. She attends the biweekly principals meeting—composed of CIA Director James Woolsey, Defense Secretary William Perry, Christopher and Lake—and is careful to maintain her base in Washington. Perhaps most significantly, her often lonesome calls for a more assertive American response to the crises in Rwanda, Bosnia and Haiti have made her stand out from among her more demure colleagues.

The question hovering over Albright is: What brand of assertiveness? It is no exaggeration to say that this has been the question that has tied the Clinton administration into knots, and Albright's tour through the world of multilateralism offers a fine vehicle for exploring its contradictions. In her confirmation testimony to the Senate in January 1993 Albright declared that she "would never advocate giving up sovereignty of the American people in an area where it was in our vital interest." By June, however, she had changed her tune. Testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on Foreign Relations, she outlined a Clinton doctrine of "assertive multilateralism." She went on to say that "U.S. leadership in world politics and in multilateral organizations is a fundamental tenet of the Clinton administration.... Usually we will not want to act alone—our stake will still be limited and direct U.S. intervention unwise."

The Clinton administration's efforts to devise a multilateral policy blew up later that summer with the draft Presidential Decision Directive 13, which endorsed the U.N. as a kind of world policeman and stated that Washington would support peacekeeping operations "politically, militarily and financially." Albright backpedaled furiously. Appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on October 20, 1993, she stated that "I would hope that we would all agree that

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David Frum on...

Conservative Ideology

Conservatism was never supposed to be a sunny political ideology or an easy sell. It was always a doctrine for the tough-minded. . . . But the Reagan interlude turned our heads. It misled us into thinking that the American people were with us—not just in a casual, happenstance sense, but deeply, even when conservative ideology might deny them some benefit out of the Treasury or morally condemn something it would give them pleasure to do. And as we have discovered the uncomfortable truths—that they're not with us—we have adapted to them.

Big Government

The force driving the social trends that offend conservatives, from family breakup to unassimilated immigration, is the welfare function of modern government. Attempting to solve these social problems while government continues to exacerbate them is like coping with a sewer main explosion by bolting all the manhole covers to the pavement.

The Houston Convention

It is simply childish to imagine that the Houston convention was stage-managed by crazed Baptists. One hesitates to disabuse anyone of romantic illusions about American democracy, but political conventions are controlled by the national campaign organization, which is to say, by the man they are about to nominate. The mass of delegates at Houston could have been composed of religious maniacs, bloated Rotarians, or pacifist vegetarians, and it would not have influenced the content of the convention one bit.

Supply-Side Economics

To a party sick of defending itself of hard-heartedness, Jack Kemp's happy economics was as welcome as the invention of the tank had been to the British infantry in 1917. Instead of sprinting through the mud toward the enemy's machine guns, how'd you like to sit dry and snug inside a bullet-proof moving box?

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although *multilateral peacekeeping* is a potentially valuable foreign policy tool, it cannot serve as a guarantor of our own vital interests."

In May of this year the administration unveiled a new peacekeeping policy, PDD-25. Announcing the directive, Lake and Albright, its primary authors, stated that it did not make peacekeeping the prime objective of foreign policy. Albright concedes that the "euphoria" with which the administration initially viewed peacekeeping has been replaced by a more cautious approach. One sign is that her early infatuation with U.N. Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali has cooled. While praising him as a "man of extraordinary vision," Albright admits that "he has a different vision of how [peacekeeping] ought to operate than the U.S." Boutros-Ghali, she adds, has "a tendency to make counterproductive statements. He cannot veto U.S. policy. That is ridiculous."

Where Albright would draw the line on peacekeeping, however, is no easy matter to discern. She blames the U.N. for confusion over the purpose of the mission in Somalia. "The U.N. was talking about nation-building," she says, "not the U.S." Well, not quite. When the U.N. approved sending a force to Somalia in December 1992, Albright stated that "we will embark on an unprecedented enterprise aimed at nothing less than the restoration of an entire country as a proud, functioning and viable member of the community of nations." Indeed, in an August 10, 1993, op-ed in *The New York Times*, Albright attacked critics of the U.S. attempt to disarm General Mohamed Farah Aideed, arguing that all the Somali factions had to be disarmed.

Despite its watered-down nature, the new directive should still sound some alarms. According to one source in the intelligence community, as the directive was being drafted, Albright and Christopher apparently expunged a portion of the PDD emanating from Colin Powell that permitted American troops to refuse U.N. orders they deemed unsound. When Republican Representative Sonny Callahan asked Albright whether she had insisted on the removal of the insertion, she denied it. In addition, the PDD hands over sensitive American intelligence to a new "U.N. Operations Center," whose creation would result in the further bloating of U.N. staff.

What these calibrations amount to is nothing less than yet another brand of multilateralism: Albright, when asked about the administration's endless fiddlings, coined a new phrase—"proxy peacekeeping." The French could deal with Rwanda, the United States with Haiti and so on. This looks suspiciously like an old-fashioned spheres of influence approach—something that the United States appeared to endorse on July 21, 1994, when it approved a Security Council resolution giving Russia carte blanche to intervene in the civil war in Georgia. One of the problems of multilateralism, of course, is that the United States begins to make concessions to China and Russia in order to wheedle assents for its own actions. Albright, however, will brook no criticisms of her tack. When pushed, she becomes defensive: "My own sense is that people don't have a clear image of me; they ... assume I'm a multilateralist. I am more than one dimension.... Just because I sit here doesn't mean that I eschew [force]."

Sort of. Albright has been for force but not necessarily American power. Her willingness to contemplate any use of force at all, though, contrasts starkly with her colleagues'. In addition to spearheading Haiti policy, she was one of the few U.S. officials to warn of the dangers of inaction in Rwanda. One top aide to Christopher conceded that "Madeleine was ahead of most of us on this one." The most that Albright will concede is that her position at the U.N. puts her in an ideal position to keep track of issues that may occupy a low priority in Washington. But that's as far as she will go. She will not allow any criticism of her colleagues in Washington. "There is no reason why the other principals could have known of Rwanda." In truth, Albright is acutely aware that the United States could have worked to avert the mass exodus into Zaire and Tanzania; an aide confides that one of the few occasions he saw her lose her cool was on Rwanda when she "screamed at Washington." Albright speaks of Christopher in glowing terms, but their relationship is cordial at best. The normal institutional rivalry between the State Department and the U.N. has been heightened by Albright's outspokenness.

The issue on which Albright has faced the most resistance is the one she has worked hardest to promote—Bosnia. Haunted by the parallels with the dismemberment of the Czech Republic in 1938, Albright has been an unwavering supporter of the Bosnian government. Walking outside the U.N. a few weeks ago, Albright was accosted by a grey-haired woman shouting at her in Serbo-Croatian, "Why are you so awful to the Serbs?" Albright, who speaks Serbo-Croatian as well as four other languages, shot back, "Because they *are* awful." She is no less direct in talking to representatives of the Serbian government, whom she regularly upbraids; and at the United Nations, Albright consistently defends Bosnian violations of U.N. resolutions as defensive moves.

Albright has been unstinting in her efforts to prod Christopher to take a stand. And she has fought, however quixotically, for the creation of a Bosnian War Crimes Tribunal. When she visited the Balkans in January, Albright did not mince words. She termed Croatian mass grave sites "a symbol of the inhumanity" of the war and called for a panel to look into the killings. One former State Department official who accompanied Albright on her trip emphasized that she was "extraordinarily effective" and "projects confidence and compassion."

One result of the trip was that Albright returned to the United States even more determined to push for air strikes against the Serbs. Stressing that the United States could not permit the fledgling democracies in

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the area to become infected by the Bosnian war, Albright argued for trading American diplomatic involvement in return for European willingness to accept the use of air power. In April, Albright, in a moving ceremony, dedicated the American Embassy in Sarajevo, saying she was "happy to be in ... the center of independent Bosnia-Herzegovina."

In public, however, Albright has toed the Christopher line. And her equivocations have not gone unnoticed on Capitol Hill. In May, she claimed to Democratic Representative David Obey of Wisconsin that "the U.S. position on Bosnia and the former Yugoslavia has been the same from the beginning...." When pressed on Bosnia, she would not concede, for example, that the United States had had its freedom of maneuver in Bosnia hampered by the U.N. It is the U.N. arms embargo, of course, that has crippled the ability of the Bosnians to defend themselves against the Serbs. The moment of truth for Albright may arrive when the Republicans launch a new and concerted effort to lift the arms embargo this fall. Albright in particular incenses Republicans; one top foreign policy aide to Senator Bob Dole complained that her stance on multilateralism is all a "P.R. job."

With her keen political skills, Albright has deftly defended the administration program while pushing for action behind the scenes. She has taken the lead not because she has intruded on the turf of Lake or Christopher or Perry, but because her position, coupled with her beliefs, has compelled her to take a stand. It is her diagnoses, not her prescriptions, that mark Albright as the most capable member of the Clinton administration. Running foreign policy through the U.N., however, is not tantamount to having a foreign policy. Even the influential U.N. ambassador cannot overcome that hurdle.

JACOB HEILBRUNN is University Fellow in the Government Department and Center for German and European Studies, Georgetown University.

Why Ted Turner's revolution is bad news.

THE MYTH OF CNN

By Tom Rosenstiel

CNN's finest moment is still that terrifying night in Baghdad in February 1990. As the first missiles of the Gulf war searched their targets, Iraqi authorities began shutting down news to the West. After fifteen minutes the only remaining link to the outside was the phone line into CNN's hotel room. Crouched at their window, correspondents Peter Arnett and John Holliman and anchor Bernard Shaw provided an exclusive—and riveting—description of the attack. And as the night progressed, CNN's ratings exploded to twenty times normal. Eleven and a half million homes tuned to the network, and more were watching its feed on their local stations.

CNN's scoop didn't have all that much to do with its journalists, however. Its technical people made it happen. Foreign Editor Eason Jordan had thought to order a dedicated copper phone line for the network rather than rely on Baghdad's municipal phone system. CNN's vice president for satellites and circuits, Richard Tauber, supervised its installation, with help from Arnett, who smoothed the way with Iraqi authorities. Other networks had wanted to lay wire, too. But only CNN won permission, for the simple reason that it was the only Western network carried in Baghdad, and the only one available in foreign ministries worldwide. The Iraqis didn't love CNN. They loved its cable link.

Then, over the next three weeks, something revealing happened. After the novelty of CNN's phone line wore off, people stopped watching. Even before the blink-long Gulf war ended, nearly 11 million of those viewers had switched back to the Big Three networks, and CNN's audience was down to about normal—about 600,000 households. A month later its ratings were below where they were before the war began.

In many ways the story of the wire is the story of CNN's fourteen-year history. The moment represented CNN's strength and its very deep limitations, which today have brought it to the brink of crisis. People have stopped watching the twenty-four-hour cable channel in huge numbers: until it got a boost from the O.J. Simpson story, CNN's viewership had dropped by 25 percent in the last year alone. By May only 370,000 T.V. sets were tuned to CNN at any given time. More people watch ABC

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or CBS at 3 a.m. than watch CNN during the day. The worst-rated network nightly newscast, CBS, has more than twenty times the audience of CNN's "Prime News."

The reason, as the Gulf war showed, is that CNN's contribution is almost entirely technological, a linking of video sources, newsrooms and foreign ministries. That linkage has changed the nature of diplomatic communication and provided a voice for tinpot dictators, but it hasn't done much to improve the way we get our news. In certain respects, the network has even had a pernicious effect on the rest of journalism: it has accelerated the loss of control news organizations have over content, which in turn has bred a rush to sensationalism and an emphasis on punditry and interpretation at the expense of old-fashioned reporting.

More disappointing is the fact that CNN, despite its technological promise, has not made much of itself. The constant clatter of its twenty-four-hour programming is more flattening than deepening. There is too little distinction between what is "live" and what is significant. And too much of its programming is strangely tired and unimaginative television: despite all the time CNN has to fill, its news shows are nearly as truncated as the twenty-two-minute network broadcasts. If you leave the set on, the day seems noisier, but do you come away smarter? More information, it turns out, is not necessarily better.

Ted Turner's vision was always more technological than anything else. In 1976, the same year he pioneered cable by taking local Atlanta station WTBS nationwide via satellite, he replaced the anchor on his news show with a German shepherd. "I hate the news. News is evil," he explained.

Four years later, when he launched CNN, Turner talked about a news organization as an engine for world peace and global understanding. But this vision, too, was mostly technological. As he explained in 1990, "I want to look to the future, not the past. We need more cultural exchanges, scientific exchanges, satellite exchanges."

The impact of Turner's vision first flowered in the mid-1980s when CNN began making its signal available to broadcasters overseas in exchange for video footage. Rather than creating harmony, however, the effect was to accelerate the pace with which international events would turn, and to give voice to political leaders who otherwise lacked political standing.

Turner's intent was to help CNN have foreign bureaus on the cheap. It also saw a market providing news to American travelers and expatriates. But most of the foreign broadcasters it was signing deals with were government-run. Effectively, if somewhat accidentally, CNN was building a worldwide web of foreign ministries.

That web soon made CNN a pulpit for foreign politicians who lacked traditional diplomatic standing, especially fading despots and sponsors of terrorism. In 1986, as the reign of Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos was coming to an unseemly end, a Marcos aide called CNN's Tokyo bureau, asking if the network would broadcast a speech Marcos wanted to deliver to the United States. "He sensed he was losing the White House," CNN's executive vice president, Ed Turner (no relation to Ted Turner), explained later. "And he wanted to talk to a handful of lawmakers on Capitol Hill to shore up his support."

Other foreign leaders who needed a soapbox quickly recognized CNN's potential. A few months after the Marcos speech, Muammar Qaddafi held a press conference with the Western media in Libya. While other news organizations had to guess about the timing, Qaddafi's staff told CNN exactly when it would be held. And they insisted that CNN ask a question. Because the network lacked an overseas correspondent with the stature to handle such a momentous task—at least in the eyes of those at CNN headquarters in Atlanta—it arranged a hookup with Washington correspondent Daniel Schorr, then its best-known reporter, to tackle the Qaddafi query.

Before long, the channel television critics once dismissed as Chicken Noodle Network was becoming a new force in foreign affairs. One of the concessions the Communist Polish government tried to make in the mid-1980s to mollify the Solidarity trade union was to include a half-hour of CNN on its nightly government newscast. When U.S. troops invaded Panama in 1989 the Soviet foreign ministry did not send a formal protest through diplomatic channels. It called CNN so that a Soviet official could broadcast a statement condemning the invasion. CNN, in effect, was becoming a third way of speaking to the rest of the world, not so much supplanting the diplomatic pouch as adding another dimension. Diplomacy now involved leaders communicating to the entire diplomatic community—if not the public—simultaneously. And the time they had to respond was shrinking. When Saddam Hussein delivered what turned out to be a phony offer of peace in the middle of the Gulf war, George Bush and James Baker, his secretary of state, felt they had less than thirty minutes to dismiss the Iraqi deal—otherwise, they felt, the U.S.-led coalition might fracture.

Whatever its effects abroad, however, CNN's primary impact was here at home. And once again, those changes were driven more by economics and technology than by journalism. By the mid-1980s CNN was having a significant if unintentional role in the press's loss of control over its own professional standards.

Looking for ways to generate more revenue, CNN saw an opening in selling its oceans of footage to hundreds of local news operations around the country. (The timing was superb. In the mid-1980s dozens of new independent stations were being licensed, and they needed to establish news programs.) Before that time the Big Three networks had always jealously guarded their own footage, recognizing that exclusive coverage of the world's biggest story each day was one of their key competitive advantages. Turner had a different advantage. Viewers could turn to CNN as news was breaking. If the

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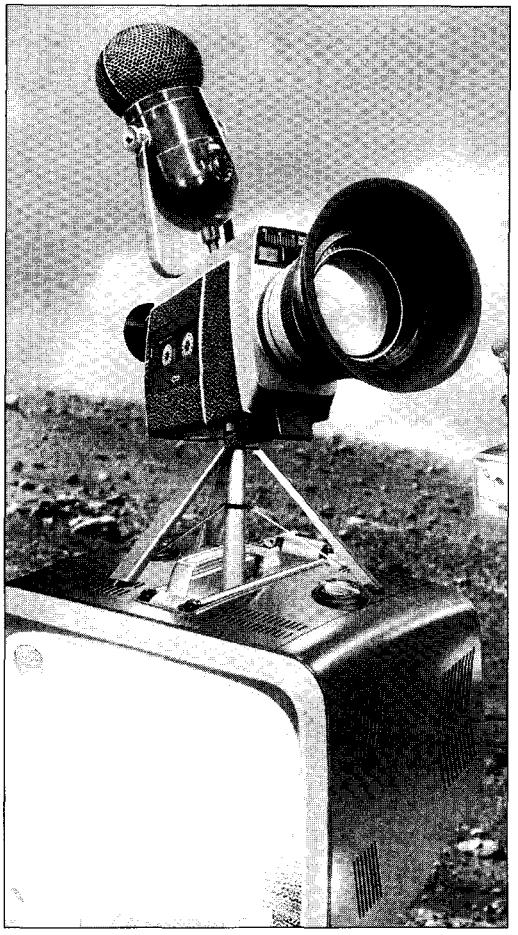
same pictures, even the same CNN stories, appeared on local stations a few hours later, it would only serve as a kind of advertising for CNN. The cable network, in turn, could make deals to get local footage from those subscribing stations, including those in other countries, thereby expanding the network's reach, even if CNN news people were not responsible for the pictures.

Soon, the affiliates around the country began pressuring the networks to start providing them with more footage so they could compete in their local markets. Some cut their own deals with CNN. In time, the network oligopoly over national and international news footage was broken. In 1986 the networks typically fed affiliates a half-hour of footage a day. By 1990 they were averaging closer to eight hours a day.



According to Don Dunphy, ABC's vice president for affiliate news service, the change "revolutionized the business." To a large degree, the networks' role as the primary headline service had been supplanted. "In the old days," says Lawrence Grossman, the former president of NBC News, "he who had the news footage ruled the universe, and the only people who had it were the three networks." After CNN forced the networks to sell their pictures, "everybody had it, and it is the same stuff and [the affiliates] get it earlier and the network news divisions [were] desperately looking for a reason for being."

The change wasn't that people were watching CNN, or even CNN stories on other stations. It was that the network news divisions were suddenly subordinant to the needs of their local affiliates rather than the other way around. More people watched local news rather than network. By the late 1980s it became fashionable to speculate whether all three networks would even continue to produce nightly newscasts. "After you have watched an hour of local news, why would you watch another half-hour of network?" mused Tom Bettag, then executive producer of the CBS Evening News, in early 1990. "There has to be something different."

It was this that prompted the network anchors in the late 1980s to start flying all over the globe to every major breaking story. Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings and Dan Rather were dispatched to floods, earthquakes and presidential trips, a fad that prompted Jennings and others to conclude that the networks were hyping certain stories beyond their significance. By 1987 ABC News held a meeting of its top executives to redesign the network newscast. The job fell to a young executive named Paul Friedman, head of the London bureau, who later became Jennings's executive producer and is now No. 2 under ABC News President Roone Arledge. His plan, in effect, was to have the nightly news do analysis. The era of subjectivity was closing in.

The networks' loss of control over their pictures did more than make life tough: it lessened journalistic standards. This was perhaps most graphically demonstrated during the Gennifer Flowers episode in the 1992 presidential campaign. ABC News got a copy of the Flowers interview in *Star*, a supermarket tabloid, and decided to ask candidate Bill Clinton about her claims of a twelve-year affair. Correspondent Jim Wooten did so, on camera, in the foyer of a small brush factory in Claremont, New Hampshire. After hearing Clinton's answer, Wooten, Jennings and their producers at World News Tonight in New York decided that the story was not adequately substantiated and shouldn't be run that night. The other two broadcast networks came to roughly the same conclusion. At CBS, executive producer Erik Sorenson took a look at the *Star* article and threw it in the trash. "That's what I think of that story," he told a colleague. (CNN also waited, not carrying the item until noon the next day. According to Political Editor Tom Hannon, CNN held off until it could "no longer not report the story.")

The problem was, affiliates around the country shared the footage of the Wooten query, too. News directors across the nation, many of whom had less training, less experience covering politics and far lower standards than their network counterparts, had no such compunction about the Flowers story. The affiliates ran the Flowers story that first night and the next morning. When NBC News Political Editor Bill Wheatley got home and turned on the 11 p.m. local news that night, he winced: the station NBC owned in New York ran the story the network staff had chosen not to air the same evening. All this, in turn, helped convince Clinton to confront the Flowers story, and led "Nightline" to devote its show that first night to Flowers's claims. By the next afternoon even Jim Lehrer of the cautious "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" on PBS told his troops they had to air the Flowers story against their better judgment. "It's out of my hands," he said.

There were no gatekeepers anymore. Technology was democratizing the political process but lowering jour-

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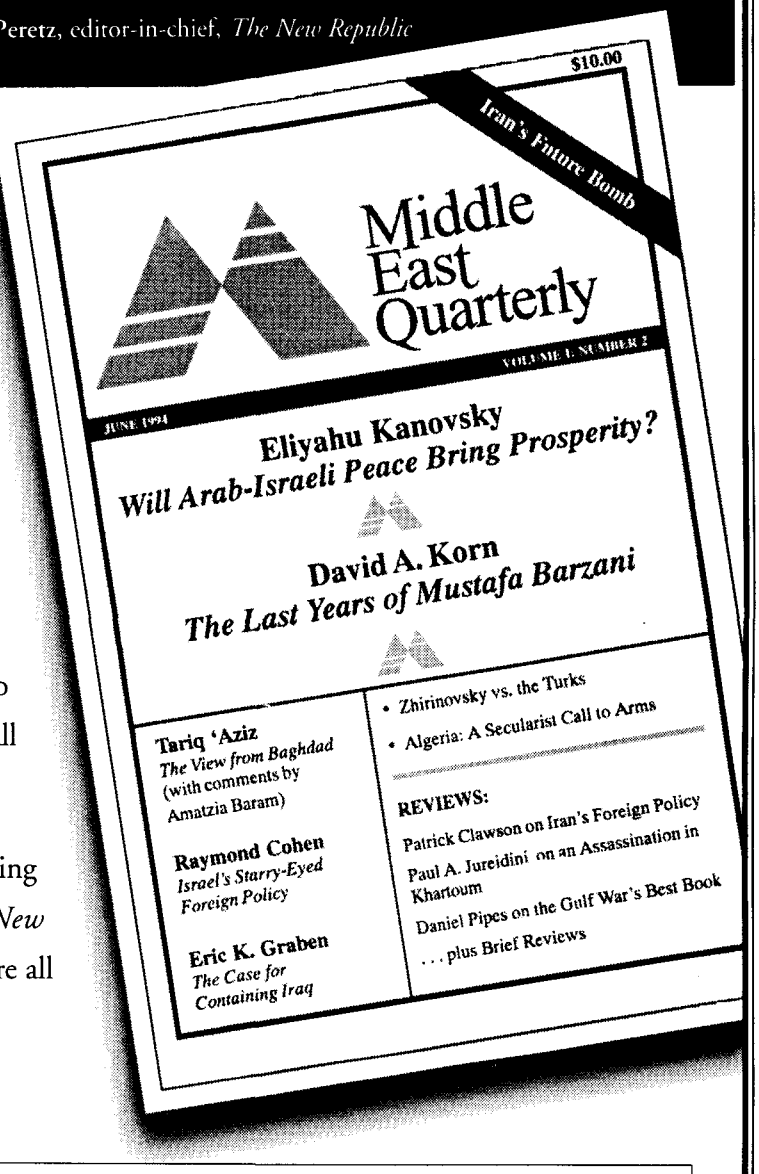
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nalistic standards. Turner's vision about sharing information did more than just bring people together.

In 1990 CNN began to have a second effect on the press: it hastened the trend among news organizations toward opinion and interpretation over hard reportage.

How did this happen? The press began taking CNN more seriously after the network's Gulf war scoop. Suddenly, CNN was on in newsrooms around the country, and it has stayed on ever since, changing the consciousness of the people who put out newspapers. Editors who watched CNN all the time started to assume that their readers were watching, too. And soon they began shaping their stories to account for that. In the last three years, for instance, *The New York Times* front page, historically the chronicle of the world's most important events, has increasingly featured narrative approaches to the news. "If I write a story with more attitude, more edge, it will end up on Page 1," one of the paper's most prominent correspondents acknowledges. "If I write it without that, it will tend to end up inside." When Clinton visited Oxford earlier this year, the only news account in the *Times* was a Maureen Dowd "Notebook" on the front page, which began, "President Clinton returned today for a sentimental journey to the university where he didn't inhale, didn't get drafted and didn't get a degree." The *Chicago Tribune*, meanwhile, barely covered the Midwest floods of 1993, a decision that prompted major disputes in the newsroom. They were covering the secondary aspects of the flood instead. At *The Los Angeles Times*, White House correspondent John Broder calls his paper's push to give most stories an analytical slant "soufflé journalism," a recipe that calls for one part reporting, one part prediction and two parts attitude. Certainly, the move toward interpretative writing is hardly new. *The Wall Street Journal* was doing it during World War II in response to radio. But the trend has clearly accelerated since 1990.

As technology compresses the time allowed for reflection, moreover, too much of the instant analysis in the daily press, particularly in Washington, is not grounded in deep reporting. When the United States bombed Iraq in March 1993, national security adviser Anthony Lake and Deputy Chief of Staff Mark Gearan sat in the White House listening to members of CNN's "Capitol Gang" pronounce judgment on the political wisdom of the attack even before the bombs had struck. "We didn't know if those bombs had landed in Boston or Baghdad," Gearan says. When President Clinton announced his welfare reform plan in June, stories in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The Los Angeles Times* all led with political analysis. The assumption that the public already knew the guts of the plan permeated the press's thinking.

Recognition of the role CNN now plays in newsrooms has also changed the way people in government behave. In the Clinton White House, CNN has become a means to communicate to the press corps without having to hold briefings or face reporters en masse. In times of trouble, White House press secretary Dee Dee Myers no longer even holds regular briefings. In the last five months, for instance, Myers has only briefed the White House press corps twenty-nine times. In March, at the height of the Whitewater frenzy, she briefed reporters just twice. By contrast, in the early days of the administration, spokespeople faced reporters twice a day. Myers is able to do this because she can talk to CNN's White House correspondent, Wolf Blitzer, who will go on the air and give the information to everyone. And Blitzer and his harried producers lack the time to report much more than what they are told. Gearan denies any conscious strategy, but he acknowledges CNN's basic function: "CNN is a wire service." It is a means, in effect, for newsmakers to communicate to other journalists.

The irony here is that the media are probably exaggerating the network's importance. "Just because CNN is on in the newsroom doesn't mean that everyone knows everything by dark," says Steve Daley, a Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. Viewership numbers back him up. Forgotten are the statistics that so frighten Atlanta—that fewer people are watching CNN, not more.

O.J. Simpson has offered CNN a boost, for example, but most evidence would suggest that it is temporary. During Simpson's preliminary hearings, CNN's ratings shot up to more than 2 million households. On off days, however, they dropped to about 0.7 rating points, or about 450,000 households. In a similar way, CNN's ratings surged to around 700,000 households at the end of the 1992 presidential election, only to slip again to their paltry levels.

The reason CNN has trouble maintaining its ratings—the reason for the network's crisis today—is that it isn't very interesting journalism. After seizing the technological moment, CNN hasn't done much with the opportunity. When the president is speaking, when major events are breaking, CNN's cameras and microphones are usually there, a notable asset if the moment is important, but what if the moment is not? This is where the quality of reporting and the level of imagination take over. And it is here that CNN suffers.

Much of CNN's work is oddly similar to the networks'. Its stories average about *three* minutes, according to research conducted by Harvard's Joan Shorenstein Barone Center for the Study of Press and Politics. ABC, NBC and CBS average around two. That difference may seem large statistically, but three minutes still isn't long. And the problem goes beyond raw data. CNN's pieces often suffer, its employees admit, because correspondents and producers are stretched too thin. The reporters for the big networks have time to hone their short pieces for hours. They also try to tie segments together. At ABC, for example, the first pieces on "World News Tonight" are now often two aspects of a single story, one of which is analytical. Together the package amounts to five or six minutes on a single topic.

Only some at CNN use time as an asset. Brooks Jackson, an ex-*Wall Street Journal* reporter, has consistently

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done superb work. During the 1992 campaign he was alone among the press corps in policing every political advertisement. Bruce Morton, formerly of CBS, has done some splendid pieces since joining CNN just over a year ago, particularly historical essays about D-Day and Richard Nixon. Arnett and Christiane Amanpour have provided strong foreign coverage. Other reporters do good work as well. It is no longer fair to say that the traditional network correspondents are always superior. But they are rarely asked to do unusual work.

When you consider the programs CNN has come up with, moreover, the portfolio is thinner than one would hope. There is nothing to rival C-SPAN's "Road to the White House" and "Booknotes," or even MTV's twenty-something campaign coverage. (And CNN, for all its time on the air, has no book show.) CNN's "International Hour" offers coverage from correspondents with foreign networks, and "CNN & Company," an otherwise utterly conventional talk show, is dedicated to putting on women guests. But "Larry King Live" and "Crossfire" were radio shows. And "Capitol Gang," CNN's answer to the McLaughlin Group, takes Washington celebrity insiderism to a new level: guests, usually public officials, aren't interviewed—they're panel members. There's no distinction between politicians and journalists. The Gang exposes CNN's slightly disreputable secret. It has become a network for and by insiders but with a sadly middlebrow intellect.

Beyond imaginative programming, there is a problem at CNN with judgment. The network still has a mentality of airing everything, occasionally without adequate reporting. After *The American Spectator* ran a flimsy story about Bill Clinton's using Arkansas State Troopers to arrange sexual liaisons, the troopers decided to make themselves available to television in December 1993. ABC and CNN taped interviews with the cops on camera. CNN aired its immediately. CNN's Ed Turner explained to *The Washington Post* that "the fact the troopers were willing to go on camera was what made us decide to do a story.... You never know if something is altogether truthful.... You don't do something like this without a great deal of anguish. But in the end you decide, we're in the news business."

The temptation is intense, of course, but CNN too often makes an increasingly common mistake: confusing newness with importance. Breaking news is not always hard news; being "live" does not mean being serious. Since 1991 CNN has covered live and in their entirety the William Kennedy Smith rape trial, the Bobbitt trials, the Tonya Harding investigation and the Simpson case. It also broadcast Gennifer Flowers's press conference in the 1992 campaign live. Not surprisingly, the network's producers have found themselves trapped between the momentarily titillating and the important. In January, President Clinton had the audacity to go to Europe in the middle of the Bobbitt trials. When the president held a press conference in Brussels to announce that Ukraine would dismantle the world's third largest nuclear arsenal, CNN broke away from the Bobbitt coverage, prompting viewer complaints. CNN's anchorman, Lou Waters, apologized to the audience and promised to tape the trial and "play it once the president's press conference is over, so you won't miss a moment."

CNN is being buffeted, of course, by the same winds of sensationalism as the rest of the press. To keep up with increasingly popular pseudo-press shows like "Hard Copy," "A Current Affair," "Oprah," "Ricki," "Vicki," "Rolanda" and "Maury," the mainstream press apparently thinks you have to join them, at least partly. Increasingly, the press is covering stories in relation to their profit potential rather than their significance. Like the rest of journalism, CNN finds salvation in the Simpson spectacle because of a lack of ideas about what else will appeal to the public. This betrays a sad absence of imagination.

The risk for CNN, as for CBS or *The Washington Post*, is that turning news into spectacle has a dulling impact. Hype, ultimately, is suicidal. Covering events out of proportion to their significance tends to trivialize the institution doing the coverage. Though there are plenty of explanations for the public's anger toward the news media, the urge to transform every scandal into "Something-Gate" is perhaps the most significant.

When the trouble with ratings reached a crisis point in late May, CNN President Tom Johnson turned to Executive Vice Presidents Bob Furnad, Lou Dobbs and Ed Turner for answers. Johnson also sent a memo to CNN staff in April urging more live coverage and more "Just In" reports. "Put the hard-news energy back into the network ... debriefs, eyewitness reports, more crisp packages." But debriefs of what? More crisp packages like the rest of what's on T.V.?

At "Prime News," the marquee news program that CNN executives imagine compares most closely with the network nightly newscasts, CNN management decided to return Bernard Shaw, its first star, to the anchor spot. He would sit alongside former PBS and NBC reporter Judy Woodruff. Shaw would replace boyish-looking Frank Sesno, who had taken over for Shaw a year or so earlier. "It's moving deck chairs on the *Titanic*," grumbled one CNN executive of the swap. The analogy is overblown. But fiddling with anchors won't be the salvation of network news.

CNN's fall lays bare the fallacy of Ted Turner's vision: technology will not liberate us. When news is breaking, everyone is now able to become CNN—even the networks. Viewers could see O.J. Simpson make his low-speed dash up Interstate 405 on every channel. The only reason to watch a particular channel was if you wanted to listen to a particular narrator. The proliferation of competition has given the media a strange and disturbing shallowness. During the Gulf war Turner, in a candid reference to the often numbing nature of CNN's coverage, said, "On the other networks you won't see a reporter on camera say, 'Well, we're just waiting around here for something to happen.' On CNN you will." Now, for better or worse, you will see it on the networks, too. Is this progress? •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Tears and Fears

Julie Walters—English, spirited, competent—is probably best-known for *Educating Rita*. In two new films she takes on two problems, cheerily. Cheeriness in the face of trouble is the Walters specialty, and she revels in it here, twice.

In **The Wedding Gift** (Miramax) Walters is a woman with a loyal husband, two grown children and a mysterious disease. (Like so many films these days, it's based on a true story.) They all live in a Midlands town where her husband has a small lingerie factory. Her affliction has been with her for some time when the picture begins. It baffles doctors and hospitals. It's crippling her hands as arthritis does, and it subjects her to sudden blackouts and to a kind of creeping paralysis.

Another disease-of-the-week flick? Yes. But. A considerable but. Jack Rosenthal's screenplay is full of lively dialogue. Some of it is thick Midlands, foggy to American ears, but what we get is worth getting. She and her husband, played by Jim Broadbent (the boozy dentist in *Widows' Peak*), are written so that their badinage goes past stock British pluck to tacit fear—plus love. Before very long, we believe they are a really married pair and that they protect each other in this ghastly situation by joking.

The husband might easily have been unbearable. He is angelic to his wife and his factory workers and is adored by everyone. But Rosenthal gives him enough edge—and Broadbent plays him so vigorously—that we not only believe his behavior, we enjoy it.

Broadbent's mother is played by Thora Hird (b. 1916), a Lancashire lass who has been an English favorite—in the Midlands especially—since she began her theater career in 1931. Again Rosenthal has taken a type, the slightly batty old woman who is shrewd under her battiness, and has given it fingerholds of originality that Dame Thora knows how to use.

One character is unexpected, the nearly blind novelist, played by Sian Thomas, whom Broadbent meets at a writers' conference. (This factory owner also writes, or tries to.) At first the film teeters on the edge of parody: a man with an undaunted ill wife meets an undaunted myopic lady novelist and gets emotionally involved. But again Rosenthal's screenplay, apparently guided by the facts of the matter, makes it all ring true enough. And again a fetching performance—by Thomas, in this case—takes it the rest of the way.

Carrying on through a series of hospital visits by Walters and Broadbent, through various financial troubles, through emotional troubles because of Thomas, the film has so few surprises that we're almost embarrassed to find it so engaging. The cast is equally insidious. Walters and Hird are old reliables. Broadbent is turning out to be an English Walter Matthau, but more forthcoming. And bony-nosed Thomas has her own triumph. It's as if she started by acknowledging that she certainly is not conventionally attractive and will show you how little that matters with a good actress in a good role. She wins.

Wins in part because of the smart directing by Richard Loncraine. (This is of course true of all the cast.) Loncraine may be remembered as the director of *Brimstone and Treacle*, in which the late Denholm Elliott shone. Besides what Loncraine has done with his actors, he has an eye that finds unstrained freshness. The film opens with Broadbent dressing. We see a close-up of his tie being knotted, then some medicine bottles and other things, while Broadbent chats jokily along. In the first thirty seconds Loncraine gives us domesticity without dullness.

At the last as at the first, *The Wedding Gift* is a tearjerker. But the very people in it—the characters, not the actors—seem to know this and are defiant about it. They take their lives pretty seriously, but, because of films and T.V., they perceive the patterns their lives assume. "Well," they seem to say brightly, "that's that. If you don't like it, sod off." We don't.

Note. The closing credits say that doctors have since identified the wife's illness. A name is cited. Subsequently I read that it's called myalgic encephalomyelitis. M.E.

Walters tackles another problem in **Just Like a Woman** (Samuel Goldwyn). Here she is a London divorcée who takes in lodgers to help out with the expenses of her largish house. Adrian Pasdar is a (younger) American banker working in London. He has just split with his wife and children: his wife came home unexpectedly from holiday and found ladies' undies hanging about. She threw them and her husband out.

Walters and Pasdar are mutually at-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Barcelona. *Two post-preppies, stationed in Spain, encounter girls and political realities. Whit Stillman wrote and directed very brightly. (Reviewed 8/15/94)* **The Boys of St. Vincent.** *Two sequential films, about the abuse of boys in a Canadian Catholic orphanage. Based on fact. More about one friar's psychopathy than celibate stress but gripping. (7/4/94)* **François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits.** *A ninety-minute documentary about Truffaut. Interviews with family, friends, colleagues. Much affection, some insights. (8/8/94)* **Spanking the Monkey.** *David O. Russell's debut film insistently yet calmly investigates suburban sex, including (the right word) incest. The ending falters, but Russell's talent is clear. (8/1/94)* **—SK**

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tracted and become lovers—a quiet, tasteful, suburban affair between a young man and his landlady. Then she discovers a young woman sneaking up to Pasdar's room. *Then* she discovers that the young woman is Pasdar. He is not bisexual: he is straight hetero—but a transvestite.

Educating Walters, this picture might be called. Pasdar, discomfited though he is by her discovery, explains his condition to the understanding Walters, as their affair continues. She even goes with him to a transvestite club, all heteros, and when two gay drag queens come in, the attitude of the club members toward them is something like what Jerry Falwell's might have been. Which is about equal parts funny and bitter. Complications follow, and are handled. And we leave enlightened about transvestites.

Nick Evans's screenplay and Christopher Mongers's directing have little of the snap of the earlier film. But Walters is as pleasingly commonsensical as always. Posdar, I'd guess, is the actor they got after Tom Hanks, who likes eccentric roles, had turned it down. Posdar tries but is leaden.

The crucial element in **The Client** (Warner Brothers) was the casting of the title role. Those who've read the John Grisham novel—I haven't—will know that this client is a boy and that he is the protagonist. The stars are only supporting players here. The screenplay, the directing, everything else couldn't save the film without a credible performance by the client.

They got a good boy, and that's the film's best achievement. Brad Renfro, who had never acted before, was handled by the director, Joel Schumacher, with evident empathy, and he almost always sustains the high emotional pitch of the part.

It's the story of an 11-year-old trailer-park boy in Memphis who accidentally witnesses the suicide of a harassed Mafia lawyer. Just before the suicide, the lawyer confides in him the secret that is driving him to suicide. (He's expecting to take the boy with him, but the boy escapes.) Both the Mafia and the authorities suspect that the boy knows the secret.

Desperate, he walks into the office of a lawyer, Susan Sarandon, and asks her to help him. Tommy Lee Jones is the U.S. attorney after him. Anthony LaPaglia is the Mafia soldier after him. The tangle leads through hospitals and hotels, homes and hideouts, in Memphis and New Orleans.

If you like your nitty-grittiness with a large dollop of the unlikely, topped with a dash of the impossible, this is your dish. •

Tough Mouth

BY DAVID THOMSON

Playland by John Gregory Dunne

(Random House, 496 pp., $25)

Playland comes with a back and a front. I started at the back, where John Gregory Dunne thanks a lot of people who helped give him access to Hollywood and its "atmosphere." His brother, Dominick Dunne, comes first, and the list runs on to include Natalie Wood, Billy Wilder and Otto Preminger, screenwriters such as Philip Dunne (not a relative) and Ivan Moffat, the surviving children of famous filmmakers (Daniel Selznick, Johanna Mankiewicz Davis, George Stevens Jr.), several books, the photographs of Jean Howard, and then, "finally, a special mention to Bernie Brillstein, who planted the seed, and as always what I owe to Joan Didion is incalculable. I thank them all, and absolve them of any flaws in *Playland*; those are mine, and mine alone." Always that fond hankering after the auteur theory—as if the material and the fortune-cookie Machiavelli of *Playland* can't be overheard any evening where Malibu dusk meets the glow of a mesquite grill.

The acknowledgments gave me a clue. I once had half an hour with Brillstein seven or eight years ago, when he was (as best I recall) head of production at Lorimar. (Lorimar was a motion picture company, you can look it up.) I was there, with a producer, to pitch an idea for a movie. We had half an hour, so we were ready to talk fast. But we never needed our script for our script. Brillstein did stand-up for a solid thirty minutes (he may have given us five minutes over), and it was, well, brilliant Brillstein. What did he talk about? Himself, his thoughts, his memories, his anecdotes: his schtick. He had a fast, funny, tough mouth. He didn't plant seeds; he threw out sacks of buttered corn. He was all movie lines! He was there, solid enough, but I could perceive that, intrinsically, Bernie Brillstein was "in the air." He was, I'm sure still is, "word of mouth." He was maybe the most entertaining comedian-gangster I've ever met—and I'll try to explain "gangster." It's the best way of understanding the killing edge in so much of our entertainment.

The hook in *Playland* as something to read, and it is the book's only strength, is Dunne's ear for Brillstein's way of talking. For starters, how do you like these lamb chops? The scene is a nightclub; the time is 1946-47; whiskey noir. One gangster, Lilo Kusack, is talking to another gangster, Jacob King, and all the while surveying Blue Tyler, the teenage actress whom King is wild for. Lilo reflects that:

> She's not very interested in your problems, is she? And you don't understand it, because you think she's crazy about you. I've been around this business a long time, Jake. I understand girls like Blue. They like to be around people like you. It makes them feel wild. It makes them feel dangerous. The fact you're a gangster is what gives her the goose. Not you. Start telling her your problems, see how long she sticks around. So you're fucking her. . . . Jake, who hasn't she fucked?

Whereupon Jake smacks Lilo in the jaw, there's a scuffle and nothing is ever again roses for Jake, even if Blue stands by him. Before you know it, but in the approved and expected way, a guy that he trusted has taken him out with a shotgun so that Lilo and the people in New York can get on with running Playland, which is the name of Jake's new casino in a place called Las Vegas. . . . L-A-S V-E-G-A-S. In Nevada. You heard of it? You thought Benny Siegel called it the Flamingo? We have smart asses reading THE NEW REPUBLIC?

This moment from *Playland* has many of the elements of the dialect that I want to call "tough mouth," or neo-gangsterese. It is theatrical, modulated, with aspirations to a kind of don't-interrupt-me eloquence. It is intimate and pointed, yet lofty and philosophical. A nearly gentle or lulling quality may turn obscene or lethal without raising its voice. The musing over whether to have the strudel or the cheesecake suddenly announces the end of the world. There is something outrageous in the speech—not just the disclosure of cynicism or depravity but the feeling that someone is getting away with talking like a movie gangster. It's dream talk, such as few of

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us manage in life. The listener has either to take it, to swallow it or smack the speaker in the face.

And there's a lot of it about, a lot of people in more or less respectable walks of life who like to fall into Bugsy rhetoric. You doubt the extent of tough mouth? Let's play a game. Here are some pieces of language, beguiling yet insolent, all from our time, all in the Lilo Kusack mood of a sleepy cobra. Anyone who gets them all right will receive a free copy of *Playland*.

- I know things about people, Lily.
- . . . I asked an acquaintance in the picture business if he thought there had ever been money to be made from *The Cotton Club*. He seemed not to believe what I was asking. . . . "It had to make 100 to 150 million, depending on how much got stolen, before anybody saw gross," he said. "Net on this baby was dreamland. Which could have been figured out, with no loss of life, by a junior agent just out of the William Morris mailroom."
- Follow the money.
- If you've got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow.
- I enjoy watching football in the afternoon. One of the things I love about this country. Baseball, too. I love baseball ever since Arnold Rothstein fixed the World Series in 1919.
- Hi, I'm Dave Letterman, I'm your host.
- How else was I going to teach Dore? I supported Dore. I let him make the picture. I knew that the best way to help him was to let him make a mistake. Now he will know better. A young man has to learn by making mistakes. I don't think he'll want to make a picture like that again.
- Round the finance committee, past Moynihan, banked off Dole—nothing but net!
- What makes Iago evil? Some people ask. I never ask.
- It ain't over till the fat lady sings—and then until it's been litigated.

This kind of talk is all around us. The air is barbed, whether it's our kids wiping us out with "dude" one-liners from Ninja Turtles, or our politicians pushing their eight-word slogans through the CNN grinder. Very often it comes from male voices who have a hard time getting a woman's point of view. You can hear it in rap, in Scorsese's street films, in Mamet and Quentin Tarantino. The drollest example, fond but parodistic, is still William Kennedy's novel, *Legs*.

In the culture of sound bites we have become hard-bitten. If you eavesdrop on talk in restaurants these days, there's not much conversation, just the killer cut-ins, drop-dead lines, knock-out remarks that ambush discourse. In T.V. sitcoms, the cross-cut close-ups flip back and forth on cool lines: everyone's wisecracking, every line is a curtain cue. And elected officials understand that they have to catch up, even if the craze has had some Ralph Bellamys of Washington killing themselves with lines that go like nooses out of the mouth and round the neck, lines such as "Read my lips."

Obviously a lot of things, such as our discomfort with sentences and the glamour of rat behavior, have encouraged tough mouth. But on this occasion I'd sooner concentrate on how the movies have given John Gregory Dunne a nasty lip. Talking pictures, after all, were in bed with gangsters from the start. There was a dynamic harmony between bursts of gunfire and the snarling repartee of James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. In movies, character was action, and in talkies the thrust of speech became action. It emerged as a principle of early sound movies that anything said by anyone had to be indelible, punchy, active—no small talk, no exploration, every line over the top and quotable. So characters started talking like actors auditioning in a race against time. They had to unload their melodrama in a shot and a scene—"Mother of mercy, is this the end of little Rico?"—tombstone talk, boasts to make a guy famous.

Nobody loved that swagger more than gangsters, most of whom were, in that antique mode called life, homely and inarticulate and wistful for a bit of American celebrity. The Mob cherished movies. They could see that, whatever their moral endings, pictures like *Scarface* and *Public Enemy* were helping the public understand the gangster's point of view, his take on free enterprise. Little boys in the street liked to sneer, strut and stagger in the gutter like Cagney. Dude-ism was born. The gangsters were flattered to socialize with Hollywood elites; and actors got off on the real-life models. As Lilo Kusack and John Gregory Dunne know, the dance of danger and respectability was sexy. Law-abiding audiences made the same dance in their imaginations.

There was a meeting—one of those classic American confrontations, like Oppenheimer and Groves, Groucho and Margaret Dumont—between Bugsy Siegel and George Raft: a hoodlum so good-looking and so gabby that he thought of being in pictures, an actor so stiff and uneasy that he traded on the rumor that he knew big, bad wolves. Movies had never bothered to be an honest business; they were seldom that far from gangster methods. Pictures and crime were both the sport of poor, uneducated immigrants. But pictures were Main Street America, and the thugs wanted legitimacy and a shot at the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award. In time, they opened their business on Main Street, they supported charities and hospitals, while plenty of our best and brightest found that they could handle America with a gangster's grin. Thus, by the early '70s America could turn in awe and perplexity from Al Pacino's Michael Corleone to Richard Nixon's Richard Nixon. *The Godfather* movies tried to claim irony, but audiences everywhere felt that Michael was a rock, a family man and a necessary killer, a terrific dresser in the black lizard mode and the master of sensational, lisping, deadpan lines. (Nixon always overplayed those lines.) "If history has taught us anything, it is that you can kill anybody."

That way of talking got to literature. The first tough line that I fell in love with came from the hoods who take over the diner in Hemingway's story "The Killers" (1926): "They eat the dinner. They all come here and eat the big dinner." Raymond Chandler found a way of having his private eye talk scarier than his crooks. In the movie of *The Big Sleep*, where Bogart beats the heavies to death with talk, it became clear that "hard-boiled" was a new music as good as bop. Yet Chandler was a gentle, sad, sickly man who had been to an English public school but who was thrilled by tough talk.

All this while an alchemy occurred, impossible to trace now and probably always ungraspable. The people who made pictures began to resemble their own screen hoodlums. I'm not thinking of the filmmakers, those who got on screen or made pictures. I'm thinking of the people, some of them as ugly as Meyer Lansky, who picked up play-acting by being around movies. The most telling thing ever said about Louis B. Mayer was that he was the most chronic actor on the MGM lot. Thinking pictures for so long had left him the prisoner of movie talk and scenario dramatics. That's where Brillsteinism comes from. It is the creation of people who never got on the screen but became living movies. So there are people in Hollywood—the "quiet" important people: studio suits, agents, lawyers—who hardly notice the lovely, sinister rhythms of their own chatter but who cannot exist without it.

The first time anyone identified such talk in Hollywood, I think, was Lillian Ross in her *New Yorker* pieces in 1952 on the making of *The Red Badge of Courage*. They became a book called *Picture*. Ross liked to sit in a corner at meetings and remember, write down or re-create everything that everybody said. When

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she printed it, there was an uncanny air of being in the reptile house under a sunlamp. Some old Hollywood people, like Mayer, thought that the book was a shocking betrayal, but a lot of insiders saw it as a script and a style manual. They recognized how alluringly dark they were, and so they set to work on their own silky malice. There were screenwriters who had to come up with lines and jokes for the executives to speak at parties.

John Gregory Dunne, in 1968, did a similar book, called *The Studio*, a portrait of Twentieth Century-Fox in one of its more insane periods. Once more, the overheard talk of small, pretentious Caesars was more entertaining than the movies they were striving over (*Dr. Dolittle* and *The Boston Strangler*). At one moment the ancient but still dangerous Darryl F. Zanuck says to the air: "I'm so goddamn sick of being written about. What the hell am I going to say about myself that I haven't said before." Dunne got it down.

All of this is by way of showing that Dunne has learned how to listen and to talk. For twenty-four years, he says, he and his wife, Joan Didion, lived in Los Angeles, doing their thing—some fiction, some non-fiction, some scripts. This is the moment, I think, to cut to the front (don't tell me you forgot the front) of *Playland*. There Dunne reprints (at least in the galleys he does; in the book there is something by Gerard Manley Hopkins) a letter that he wrote to Harry Evans of Random House when they took on the book:

> As you are so well aware, novels often arrive at a far different destination than was originally planned. When I first began thinking about the book, it was meant to be along the lines of a contemporary *Sister Carrie*, an idea that came to naught. Then Joan and I wrote a screenplay about a gangster in Hollywood who fell in love with a child movie star, or more precisely a child woman of 17, 18 or 19 (her actual age was always in doubt); that too fell between the cracks. A year or so passed: I was getting nowhere on the book, and then I lost another year to medicine. It was when I was in the hospital that the book suddenly and unexpectedly presented itself to me: take the 1940s child movie star, have her disappear in disgrace before she is 20 and reappear forty-five years later, more or less a bag lady in Detroit, discovered in a conflux of coincidences by my narrator.

That's a cogent synopsis of *Playland*, and it is clearer and more compelling than the novel itself. Blue Tyler, Dunne's heroine, is a child star of the 1930s, the highest-paid player in town. That makes us think of Shirley Temple, of course. (There is a very annoying dilemma posed by books like this one, whereby the fictional characters seem coy or evasive versions of the real figures. Dunne's Jacob King, born Yakov Kinovsky, can only be Benny Siegel but still feels like a pretender to the legend of Bugsy.) In fact, Blue Tyler is too much Jean Harlow. She's hard and fast, she gives tough mouth and a lot of head. For Dunne, gangsterese and fellatio seem to have been picked up as combinant riffs, and everyone has to swallow a lot of both. We don't feel the magnified or ruined child in Blue; whereas what is fascinating and poignant in the "adult" careers of Shirley Temple or Judy Garland or Natalie Wood is the abiding childishness, the loss of pure adulthood, a kind of naïve wonder that would not go away, no matter how rough or sophisticated the life became.

Nor does the modern stuff work in Dunne's novel. There is so little worth caring about, and some sad signs of padding. I'm still not sure why Blue falls into disgrace. It is implausible that this kind of star, let alone a star with the extra magic of disappearance, would be unlocatable at video stores in 1994; and Dunne's narrator's attempts to piece everything together in "a conflux of coincidences" are boring and hard to believe. For there isn't really a puzzle that needs a solution. What works in

"I will immediately declare a dictatorship....

I may have to shoot 100,000 people, but the other 300 million will live peacefully.

I have this right as president."

— VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY

Vladimir Zhirinovsky won twenty-four percent of Russia's popular vote on a platform that included reclaiming Alaska and "nuking" Japan. Is he a madman or a buffoon? This collection of quotes and analyses by two seasoned journalists provides insight into Zhirinovsky's views, his party, and the future of Russia.

ABSOLUTE ZHIRINOVSKY

A Transparent View of the Distinguished Russian Statesman

GRAHAM FRAZER AND GEORGE LANCELLE

READ IT. IT'S A PENGUIN.

Illustration by Shasti O'Leary

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Playland are the scenes from the 1940s, the La Motta-Robinson talk and the chemistry of a reckless young actress and a star-struck gangster. I kept going with *Playland* for these scenes, and for that old sweet dream of a Bugsy who goes astray, forsaking earnest iniquity for a movie star and the thrill of a posh palace in the desert.

But this, of course, is fairly fundamental stuff. These are not people in love so much as stereotypes caught up in the dance of sexy danger, which is precisely what the suits who read scripts want. And in fact the passage I quoted above, Lilo's talk, is not from *Playland* the novel. It is from *Playland* the screenplay, written by Dunne and Didion. The copy that I have is dated July 7, 1989. A great deal of that script is in this novel, close to verbatim—and it is the best part.

There is nothing illicit in this, I daresay. As a rule, scripts that have been developed remain the property of the studio that paid for them. The author has no rights in the script unless he or she, or she and he, buy them back (as well as paying for the other expenses incurred in development). Screenwriters are often anguished to see lovely stories and honed dialogue go to waste; but they accustom themselves to the pain. Most developed scripts are not filmed or ever heard of again. I know of only one other unmade script that got published, Michael Herr's *Walter Winchell*, a "novel" on which the copyright was credited still to "MGM/UA Communications Company," which used to be a motion picture company. I presume that Dunne has bought back the script for which he and Didion were paid, since he now claims the copyright.

Why wasn't the movie made? What probably blocked *Playland* was *Bugsy*, which at least admitted that it was about Bugsy Siegel and Virginia Hill, no matter that it took plenty of liberties with their story without quite discovering the comic madness in the Bug. Still, I'm not sure that *Playland* would have made less of a film than *Bugsy*, or even that different a film. The genre and the fun in both of these projects are so clearly those of grown people talking tough and dirty and getting enough thrills to feel young again, or for once, or forever.

Playland is not a very good novel, and it is too far from *Sister Carrie* to contemplate. I would not object if a few people, in books or in pictures, tried sounding older, or less infatuated with tough mouth. Still, I read *Playland* in a way that I haven't always managed with better books, carried along by the talk. The lure of tough mouth, and its promise of development deals, is strong; I have succumbed to both myself, using Writer's Guild health insurance as an excuse. Tough mouth may be a waste of a writer's time, and it may encourage us to be brutish, but it beats listening to Senator Biden struggling to ask a question.

DAVID THOMSON's *A Biographical Dictionary of Film* will be published by Knopf in the fall in a revised, third edition.

The Road Not Taken

BY MICHAEL WALZER

Liberal Socialism
by Carlo Rosselli
edited by Nadia Urbinati
translated by William McCuaig

(Princeton University Press, 138 pp., $39.50, $12.95 paper)

The importance of ancestors is commonly underestimated on the left—even though every leftist party, movement, tendency and school of thought needs and commonly finds historical predecessors and models. Advocates of reform look for original and uncorrupted formations; advocates of renewal look for an earlier newness; revolutionaries look for the men and women who first dreamed of and struggled for the changes they mean to make. It is no advantage in politics to be unprecedented. That condition invites the question: If your program is so attractive, why did no one ever think of it before?

Political leaders who claim absolute originality seem guilty of the sin of pride, as if they are saying that everyone else is wrong: they alone have the right political line. People who talk like that are on their way to political (or religious) sectarianism. One forms a serious movement or school of thought precisely by insisting that one is *not* first, but is building on the work of those who have gone before. One appeals to the insight, passion, sacrifice of others; acknowledges their heroism and achievement. No solidarity in the present is possible unless there is solidarity with the past.

"Postmodern" academics have talked a lot in recent years about the invention or construction of tradition. Of course, the search for ancestors is ... a search. We are the ones who put together the chain of predecessors; they don't appear in the historical record standing in a row, holding hands. At the same time, however, ancestors cannot be made up out of whole cloth. Before they can be chosen as ours, they must have existed and acted in ways that make the choice plausible: tradition depends on connection.

Nadia Urbinati's major achievement in bringing out this English edition of Carlo Rosselli's *Liberal Socialism* is to give a plausible ancestor to those of us on the left who are trying to cope with the contemporary crisis of socialist politics—determined to acknowledge its dimensions and to outlast it. In the English-speaking world, Rosselli has been for a long time an exemplary figure but also a shadowy one, known through other people's memoirs and through histories of the Italian resistance to fascism. Born in 1899 into an old Italian-Jewish family that was involved in politics in the nineteenth century (Rosselli's ancestors had been friends and supporters of Mazzini), he organized "Justice and Liberty," one of the most important resistance groups of the 1920s and '30s, was imprisoned by Mussolini, escaped by sea in dramatic fashion first to North Africa, then to France, where he led the non-Communist resistance-in-exile, planned leafleting air raids of Italian cities, edited a magazine defending a liberal and democratic version of socialism, fought in Spain (where other Italians were fighting for Franco), was assassinated in 1937 by French rightist thugs in the pay of the Italian Fascists.

What more can one ask in a political ancestor? But we have never had, those of us who don't read Italian, an opportunity to hear his voice or to confront his arguments. In her long and admirable introduction, Urbinati tells Rosselli's story and provides a context for and a commentary on his book. And then there is the book: written in prison in 1928, revised in France in 1929, first published in French in 1930, in Italian only in 1945, never before in English. It

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is a remarkable text, with greater resonance today than any other that I can think of in the socialist tradition. If we are choosing ancestors, Rosselli seems preferable to any of the Germans or Russians in the standard line.

It will already be clear that I am a fairly uncritical admirer of this man, but I am not advocating ancestor worship, which hardly would be appropriate for *liberal* socialists. There are criticisms and qualifications to be made about Rosselli, particularly with regard to economic questions, which get short shrift in Rosselli's slim volume. Like many left intellectuals, even those raised on Marx, Rosselli really believed that if you get the politics right, the economics will follow; and this is a big mistake. Still, it is no small matter to get the politics right. And so here is someone from the past who can help us find our way in the present.

Rosselli sounds like, writes like, a modern, independent left intellectual—an Italian Camus: high-spirited, critical, passionate. In a period of terrible defeat, he asked the hard question: Why did we lose so badly? And he aimed to give an honest answer. As a commentary on the politics of the old left, this answer is ruthless and grim. It is also, somehow, uplifting, and the reason for this is that Rosselli is not only an independent intellectual but also a participant in the socialist movement, committed to its future, who knows and joins its internal debates. His ruthlessness has a common purpose. He represents, in a way, the fulfillment of social-democratic revisionism. He is an Italian Bernstein, but lighter than the German revisionist, who always writes like a good professor. Rosselli is less academic, with (I read them both in English) a finer style and a better ear.

Independent and engaged: on the one hand, there doesn't seem to be anything that Rosselli is afraid to say; defeat has cut him loose from every orthodoxy. As in the case of Gramsci, so with Rosselli: when Mussolini locked him up, he set him free. And, on the other hand, Rosselli is entirely committed to a very particular conversation. His arguments are consistently radical. He is the most thoroughgoing of revisionists, at war with the official Marxism of his time. At the end, his socialism has nothing in it of science, little of doctrinal rigor. Writing in the third person, he describes himself: "He is a socialist above all out of faith, sentiment, *active* attachment ... to the cause of the poor and the oppressed." Virtually everything else is jettisoned, thrown aside without regret. I can only offer a list of the rejected doctrines:

Historical determinism. Rosselli chooses instead political creativity, risk-taking, even adventure, in keeping with the activist élan of Italian turn-of-the-century philosophy and social thought (which fed into fascism too, but here takes a liberal turn).

The role of the vanguard. Rosselli is certainly aware of himself as an intellectual, even a bourgeois intellectual ("If one wishes to find movements of liberation ... it is [not to the proletariat but] rather to avant-gardes of bourgeois *provenance* that one has to look"), but he claims no privileges that are not earned through democratic politics.

Party discipline. "The desire to use the party to make everyone put on the same mass-produced intellectual clothes is the most mortifying and dangerous thing imaginable." It is not possible to fight for liberty if you are not willing to risk its effects in the movement itself.

The class struggle. His commitment to democracy leads Rosselli to recognize the legitimacy of and the need for class coalitions—especially, in Italy, with the rural population—even when they blur the lines that Marx drew so firmly. He is one of the first Italian leftists to insist on the importance of the "Southern question."

Statism. Influenced by English guild socialists such as G. D. H. Cole (he visited England in the mid-'20s) and by French syndicalists, Rosselli looked to civil society rather than the state as the crucial arena

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for cooperation and self-management.

The hostility to private property. "There is no longer a socialist or even a Communist to be found," Rosselli wrote, "who seriously foresees the possibility of a thoroughgoing suppression of private property in the area of production." This was wishful thinking: Stalin would soon begin his collectivization campaign. But Rosselli, along with other revisionists, was an early defender of the mixed economy.

The hostility to nationalism. Rosselli is a cosmopolitan with a strong sense of place, generated in part by his own feeling for Italy's history and culture, in part, again, by his democratic commitment. If you are going to create an Italian socialism, then you have to attend to the historical life forms of the Italian people. "Italian socialism in the future must pay ... more attention to specifically national problems and break the absurd monopoly on patriotism held by so-called national parties.... [any] internationalism that denies or even reviles the national homeland is nonsense, a mistake, just another ball and chain to socialist parties by the Marxist fetish."

The instrumental view of democracy. Democratic commitment is "a bond prior to any political tendency" since it is rooted in a fundamental respect for other people. Free elections, the right of opposition, "bourgeois" civil liberties: these are not policies that we adopt when they serve our party's purposes and discard later on when they don't.

The primacy and value of the Soviet "experiment." Rosselli is an early critic not only of the Communist dictatorship but also of the economic policy of the revolutionary regime—especially of its "brutal" exploitation of the peasantry (this was written in the 1920s, a time that Russian peasants would soon look back to as a golden age) and of its failure to increase industrial production.

Each of these rejections had been urged by one or another of Marx's opponents or Lenin's critics within the socialist movement. Rosselli was not an original thinker. He was only (only!) a lively and honest one. He put all the rejections together and saw that they add up to an acceptance of liberal and democratic politics. His aims are still welfarist and egalitarian, but he recognizes individual rights and democratic citizenship as substantive rather than merely instrumental values; he sees that they are integrally related to the achievement of a more egalitarian society.

Reading *Liberal Socialism*, I understood for the first time how the Depression (more than the war and the cold war) rescued Marxism and Soviet communism—gave them a life beyond what was their due. For it was the apparent collapse of capitalism in 1929 that rendered left revisionism suddenly unpersuasive. Rosselli's arguments make sense today, but they did not make sense in the world of the early '30s. "The fact is," he wrote, "that capitalism [has] succeeded in getting out of the impasse into which it seemed to have driven itself. The workers' movement, social legislation, countless other forms of intervention by society, [have] all put an end in the most advanced countries to the most disgusting abuses."

This was not for Rosselli the conclusion of an argument, but the starting point: now it was possible to address the more ordinary abuses of societies still scarred by hierarchy and authoritarianism. The Rossellian argument, however, was a long time getting started. Under the impact of the depression, European intellectuals, American ones too, clung to a Marxist orthodoxy that had already been intellectually shattered. The revisionists, the earliest anti-Communists, were right about almost everything. But it was not until the 1940s, after the war, that European social democrats acted on their arguments—and it is only now that the full force and meaning of those arguments has been widely acknowledged on the left. Small groups of leftists, Rosellians without the name, repeated these arguments over the years and found themselves, mostly, in political isolation.

Rosselli sounds contemporary—a spokesman, one might say, for the great revolt of 1989. He even shares something of the innocence of the '89ers: a too quick assumption that their own liberal socialism (a good description of dissident politics in much of Central and Eastern Europe) will resonate with the masses, who were soon to become the voters. Against the background of fascism, as against the background of communism, democratic politics looked easier than it actually is.

Still, what this book demonstrates is that everything that is understood today on the left—about the need for liberalism and democracy, for limited government, voluntary association and so on—could have been understood, without the bitter sense of defeat and betrayal, sixty years ago. A socialist movement acting with that understanding then would have acted in a wholly different spirit than one finds among European leftists now. Rosselli's youthful animation suggests what the movement might have been like had it turned away on its own from the doctrinaire anti-liberalism that was soon to bring corruption and death to so many of its participants. Reading this book, one wishes for the chance to recapture that moment of opportunity, and start again from there. The real challenge, however, is to confront the orthodoxies and the conventions of today's left with a Rossellian freshness. •

The Soul and Discretion

By Ann Hulbert

Keepers of the Flame: Literary Estates and the Rise of Biography by Ian Hamilton

(Faber & Faber, 344 pp., $24.95)

E.M. Forster: A Biography by Nicola Beauman

(Knopf, 404 pp., $30)

Literary biography suffers from a chronic identity crisis. Working with methods that are plainly unscientific and from motives that are inevitably open to question, most biographers wonder at many points whether their enterprise qualifies as a creative art, or a more prosaic historical craft, or a scandal. And literary biography, in treating the murky realm where art and life mingle, invites even more intense self-doubt. Is it an especially high creative tribute, or an especially scandalous affront, to try yoking aesthetic achievements with the mundane details of a writer's personal life? The answer to the quandary is presumed to depend on how the biography is executed, but the truth is that the confusion transcends technique. For perhaps the

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most unsettling—and alluring—feature of the undisciplined and interdisciplinary form is that it is, almost by definition, bound to be a mix of art, craft and scandal (unless it is pure hagiography, in which case it is religion).

The muddled nature of the genre contrasts sharply with the strident nature of the debate about it. Henry James characterized the quarrel as "the eternal dispute between the public and the private, between curiosity and delicacy," and Janet Malcolm's foray into Plathography is the latest evidence of the deep-seated antagonism: like a siren Sylvia Plath invites exposure, while Ted Hughes stands as the embodiment of defensive reserve. As Ian Hamilton writes in his three-century tour of struggles among writers, executors and biographers, "sometimes, arguing about biography is like arguing about abortion or capital punishment: minds tend to be made up before you start. There are revealers and there are concealers. The agents of reticence have no truck with the agents of disclosure." And both sides concur in a stark conception of the enterprise as a struggle between the pursuer and the pursued.

Hamilton does not present himself as an agent of disclosure, though as the biographer of Robert Lowell and (abortively) of J. D. Salinger, he has the pedigree of an especially zealous revealer. After all, first he tackled a confessional poet, who invited invasive scrutiny. Then he tried to flush out the most reclusive of writers. But Hamilton felt burned by his previous aggressive pursuits, not unlike Malcolm, whose experience with portraiture got her in trouble (the license she took in her account of Jeffrey Masson landed her in court). Hamilton was disheartened by his probing of Lowell, whose dramatic troubles inevitably entailed more "pathography" than he had expected. And his efforts to expose Salinger's life were utterly daunting. They embroiled him in a lawsuit over copyright violation that led to tighter restrictions on the use of unpublished material.

The lesson that Hamilton draws, however, is rather different from Malcolm's moral. She chose partisan alignment on the side of reticence, championing taciturn Ted Hughes against the snoopers and making an iconoclastic cause out of it. Her book began by diagnosing the dirty secret of the genre: it all comes down to the ignoble biographer trying to "peep through the keyhole" vs. the noble subject pulling down the shades.

Hamilton aims for lower-key detachment, wryly surveying many examples of wrangling. He doesn't take sides, and he sees Malcolm's purportedly dirty secret for what it really is: an enduring stereotype. Biographers have long been sus-

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pected, and suspected themselves, of mixed motives, and their subjects have always been understandably uneasy about exposure. The spirit of Hamilton's approach is studious (though not at all dry). Are there, he wonders, patterns to be discerned in the ongoing quarrels over the genre through the centuries—"Boswellism versus Romanticism, Victorianism versus Stracheyism"? "Or was it—is it—all to do with human nature, a matter of competing vanities and envies, deadlocked special interests, cash?"

The aim of Hamilton's undertaking is hard to resist: to transcend the polarized conceptions of the genre, which have obviously done little to help its development. The most remarkable feature of his gallery of quarrelers is the way that it undermines the stark opposition between high-minded, defensive biographee and low-minded, intrusive biographer. His survey is full of ironies to confound, or at least complicate, each side's categorical views. And all of the examples of biographical drama make short shrift of any notion of a documentable "total picture."

The Boswellian school, in which agents of disclosure first staked a claim to respectability, was never quite the sturdy institution it seemed. Its allergy to "panegyrick" was justified by the compassionate and exhaustive quality of its intimate intrusion into personal life. The biographer was to be high-minded and intrusive. That the compassion had a tendency to reveal "complicated virtue," in Johnson's words, and was therefore a source of controversy, wasn't a great surprise. The real vulnerability of the Boswellian approach was less its irreverence than its unreliability, which was clear from the start.

Boswell made no bones about his subjectivity (his quirks were constantly on display), and at least he was an energetic sleuth, willing to devote whole days to tracking down the most trivial details. The more disconcerting omen lay in Johnson's own biographical attitude, evident even in his path-breaking *Life of Savage*: "If it rained knowledge, I'd hold out my hands but I would not give myself the trouble to go in search of it."

Not that a search guarantees trustworthy evidence in any case. Was Richard Savage's alleged mother, Anne Brett, really his mother? And was she guilty of the crime of which he and his biographer accused her, rejecting her bastard son? Johnson never bothered to seek out her opinion on the matter, or on any other matter concerning the obscure poet and convicted murderer that Savage had become. But even if he had, she could hardly be counted on to clear things up, as Richard Holmes points out in *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Savage*. Brett, a reclusive widow who had by then suffered more than her share of public scandals, might well not have been a particularly credible witness. The elusive nature of truth, Hamilton observes, is hardly a recent discovery. "Witnesses ... were likely to be either mendacious or gullible or both," biographers, and even readers of biography, appreciated long ago; "letters were probably composed with publication in view and could anyway be forged; conversation was easily tailored to fit the susceptibilities of the stenographer."

The tenets of the Romantic school, in which the agents of reticence found a collective and compelling voice, similarly portended trouble. In elevating "the idea of the poet as a type of saint, extraordinary, set apart, ablaze with mysterious sensitivities and insights," Hamilton writes, the Romantics naturally promoted a correspondingly un-Boswellian biographical approach. They called for celebration of the creative dimensions of "the *poetic* character," rather than mundane investigation of the personal character, with all its typical blemishes.

The irony was that the personal lives of the Romantics tended to be titillatingly atypical, not merely blemished but scandalous, and often on a spectacularly public scale. Whether or not poetic genius excused unconventional private morality, it seemed to encourage it—and the flaunting of it. Rather than high-minded and defensive, the biographee seemed on the offensive, and none too elevated about it. Byron, to take the most famous example, didn't pull down the shades. After The Separation (as it was called) from Lady Byron, he kept opening and shutting the door on the mysterious marital offense that had caused the rift, which of course fanned the biographers' fascination. Lady Byron was provocatively reticent ("There is no vice," she said, "with which he has not endeavoured to familiarise me"), Byron was a coy but very public spokesman for his case from exile and readers were avid to decode the poetry. Was his sin mere infidelity, homosexuality perhaps, or worse, incest with his half-sister Augusta Leigh? As Hamilton sums up, "the Romantics mistrusted the desanctifying tendencies of Boswellism and yet, in their private conduct, they supplied the opposition with all manner of alluring docudramas."

The tensions sound healthy enough. A little doubt about Boswellian methods of penetrating lives and a little dilution of the Romantic motive of venerating art would seem to be just the compromise the conflicted genre could use. But the next phases in literary biography's development, though Hamilton doesn't chart the way quite so schematically, did not reflect such a sensible synthesis. Instead came the deadly fat Victorian memorials and the ominously lean portraits à la Strachey, which veered toward new unbalanced extremes. The Victorian approach, with its emphasis on the authorized tome, gave the agents of reticence a bad name. Never mind capturing artistic genius, the main goal was not to betray personal foibles. The classic form of the exercise was an unwieldy mass of inoffensive documentation. The two-volume life of Thomas Hardy ostensibly written by his second wife, Florence, was a belated caricature of it. The account had been secretly written in a painstakingly plodding manner by Hardy himself.

The Strachey style, which gave the agents of disclosure a bad name, was "gleefully unauthorized," as Hamilton puts it. Forget about capturing "complicated virtue," the goal was to debunk eminence at all cost. Cavalier with documentation (the approach, Hamilton notes, "required someone else to have already done the legwork"), these concise portraits were unapologetically skewed. They were Strachey's answer to the bloated volumes he attacked in the preface to *Eminent Victorians* for "their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment and design." In short, the old antagonism had assumed a new, and hardly more promising, permutation. Instead of presenting biographees as noble artists, the Victorian treatment had a way of unwittingly reducing them to stuffed shirts. And in exploding the notion of biographers as mere lowly scribes, the Strachey method endowed them with sweeping artistic pretensions.

As Hamilton drily points out, there was a less auspicious permutation yet to come, the one that is now standard: "a plodding sleuth—armed with a Stracheyesque contempt for old habits of decorum and respectfulness: well, he might turn out to be the worst development of all." Yet the usefulness of his book is precisely that it doesn't progress toward an indictment of that all too familiar incarnation of the genre; the pedestrian examples of it aren't worth the trouble. Hamilton also steers clear of a culminating statement of anything so grand as his own "philosophy" (beyond the practical tip in his foreword to hold off on a full portrait until the writer has been dead fifty years). But the gist of the approach that he favors can be discerned from his interest in a rarer but

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recurrent sort of case. His wryness gives way to warmth when he describes biographers whose careful sleuthing is informed by a creative impulse that seems attuned to the subject's own creative approach, or at least aspires to take account of it in a way that isn't reductive. In other words, where a kind of synergy, rather than antagonism, is at work.

Hamilton's examples show that such a course isn't smooth by any means. In fact, the spirit that guides it is a remarkably demanding one: empathy, which aims at understanding rather than clinical explanation. Such an effort entails delicacy about aesthetic intentions, not merely curiosity about psychological symptoms. And it demands tireless methods and tactful motives, never a natural combination and currently a very unfashionable one. Methodologically, the empathetic approach depends on finding and working with as much immediate evidence, and original texture, as possible—which is precisely what prevailing protocol makes difficult. In the wake of Salinger's suit against Hamilton, biographers are now restrained by law from quoting from unpublished documents, except with permission. And if permission is denied, the only recourse is to paraphrase in a spirit that, according to the legal doctrine of "fair use," must not be too faithful to the original. As for careful motives, the empathetic biographer doesn't begin by presuming that any amount of material is likely to be a smoking gun, in particular where questions of artistic creativity are concerned. Again, that means bucking biographical convention, which is to aim for a dramatic exposé.

Sheer doggedness and delicate empathy are inevitably in some tension, even when a biographer is dealing with the most congenial, accessible subject. Sometimes, in fact, an accommodating biographee can be especially taxing. Thus poor James Anthony Froude, Carlyle's biographer, endured agonies in his efforts to live up to his subject's fierce standards of candor, which Carlyle clearly wanted applied to himself, no matter the costs. Thanks to the heaps of material that Carlyle had made available, Froude knew all about Carlyle's cruel treatment of his wife ("blue marks" on her arms); his worshipful affection for Lady Ashburton, whose circle he had joined; his impotence; and his terrible self-recriminations after Jane Carlyle's death. "These things were communicated to me, and I was to be Carlyle's biographer," Froude wrote in distress. "What was I to make of them? It was so weird, so uncanny a business that the more I thought of it the less I could tell what to do."

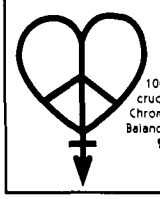
Of course, as Hamilton's book has by now amply shown, biographees can hardly be counted on to encourage complicated empathy (which need not, in fact rarely does, issue in conventional admiration: Froude was pilloried by many who saw his "demonic" portrait not as deeply tragic but as slanderous). Yet even here, appearances can be deceiving. In closing, Hamilton pauses over the currently hot troublemaker, Ted Hughes, and shows that he isn't, or hasn't always been, quite the adamant agent of reticence whom Janet Malcolm describes.

In Hamilton's astute version of the saga, Hughes has in fact played a constructive, even encouraging role in the biographical boom occasioned by Sylvia Plath. His reputation as an inhibiting presence misses an important part of the story. Hamilton persuasively credits Hughes with acknowledging that "his own loathing of biography ought not to be imposed on [Sylvia Plath]." An appreciation of her radically confessional art, Hughes saw, demanded an approach very different from the hands-off treatment that he felt his own much more impersonal style entitled him to insist on. Plath's poetry depended heavily—perhaps totally—on a sense, as he put it, "of the incidental circumstances or the crucial inner drama that produced it." In other words, Hughes himself has embraced, however ambivalently, the notion that an empathetic sense of the art should help guide standards of disclosure about the life. It was this recognition, not simply a need for money, that impelled him to publish editions of Plath's letters and journals. Though they have been attacked for what they omit, they are also remarkable for what they leave in.

E. M. Forster, in his demure way, is as unexpected a double agent as the dramatic Hughes. His case, so unlike the bitter Plath debate—and the many biographical battles that preceded it—beckons as a model for the genre. The man who swore by "tolerance, good temper and sympathy" can perhaps remind an embattled enterprise of the underrated power of those virtues as a guide to modulated and yet vivid portraiture. And in fact, that's just what Forster's example does, in a typically unheroic Forsterian way. His perspective on literary biography, and his fate at its hands so far, is decidedly mixed. The great quarrel at the core of the enterprise, he knew, won't end in perfect harmony. But rather than worry over the disharmonies (worry, he warned, is "terribly insidious," for it tempts the victim to simplify in search of peace), he welcomed them.

Forster lived and wrote like an agent of reticence. He was a painfully shy man whose life was almost a paradigm of retreat, whose fiction was notably circumscribed and who in his critical writing condescended to biography as merely "a serious form of gossip." He understood the interest in all kinds of information about the "surface personality," but he believed that the "lower personality," the creative self, remains elusive. What cannot be encompassed, Forster emphasized in his essay "Anonymity: An Inquiry" (from which his new biographer, Nicola Beauman, takes her epigraph), is the aesthetic power of the artist and his art. Biography "teaches us everything about the book except the central thing, and between us and that it raises a circular barrier which only the wings of the spirit can cross."

After his death, however, Forster was revealed as an agent of disclosure. He left mountains of letters, and then within those letters did the opposite of censor; he made sure, when he changed a phrase, that the original formulation was still legible. Not because he thought there could be a total picture, but because he knew there couldn't be. "We don't know what we are like," he wrote in "What I Believe"; "We can't know what other people are like." But his skepticism about the "self" as an "entity," very fashionable now, didn't preclude a leap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of faith in that self. He expected curiosity, and left plenty of clues. There also remained a manuscript of an unpublished novel, *Maurice*, which was plainly autobiographical in its revelation of homosexual desires, as well as various stories on similar themes. "When I die and they write my life," Forster announced, "they can say everything," a motto that became an epigraph for his biographer P.N. Furbank, whom he authorized and then left completely to his own devices.

Forster's conversion is obviously atypical among writers; cavorting followed by a posthumous cover-up is the much more familiar pattern. But his attitudes are unexpected on a more personal level as well. This proponent of Romantic veneration of art ("the entry of Heaven" was the way he described the moment of supreme aesthetic experience) had a decidedly un-Romantic, even prosaic perspective on himself as a writer. "You can gather," he wrote matter-of-factly to a friend, "that I know I am not a real artist.... In fact my equipment is frightfully limited but so good in parts that I want to do with it what I can."

And this defender of Boswellian curiosity about life led a remarkably narrow, unadventurous existence, most of it with his mother. Until he was 30, Forster claimed, he had only the vaguest ideas about sex; he had his first real affair at 38, with Mohammed el Adl, a tram conductor, in Alexandria. It was only at the age of 45 that he dared arrange an apartment in London, so that his life away from his mother needn't be constrained by the last train home. He spent time in India as well as Alexandria, but the primary drama of his creative career lies in its very premature closing. He published the first of five novels in 1905 at the age of 26 and the last in 1924 when he was 45. In the forty-six years that remained after *A Passage to India* appeared, he published no more fiction. (*Maurice*, his sixth novel, was written in the interlude between *Howards End*, which was published in 1910, and *A Passage to India*, but it only appeared posthumously, in 1971.) He took to writing criticism and established only slightly greater independence from his mother; he continued to live a remarkably discreet and undramatic life until his death in 1970.

Forster seemed to have set himself up for precisely the sort of biographical treatment he said was a "curse": the most common kind, which "concentrates our attention on the relation between a writer's life—his surface life—and his work." After all, here was a "lower personality," an artistic self, that presented a modest and workmanlike pose—the opposite of a forbidding, grandiloquent Genius. What's more, that lower self had left the most titillating, untranscendent clues about its main mystery. The early silencing of the creative personality, as *Maurice* and Forster's unpublished stories also on homosexual themes suggested, was bound up with the late unfolding of the sexual personality. And if the rest of the evidence about the "surface personality" wasn't exactly fast-paced, it had a good literary pedigree. Forster's Bloomsbury friends, too, were a graphomaniac crowd; their relevant letters and memoirs were ample and artful.

The urge to transgress, to violate a subject's sense of propriety in portraying him, is the temptation that Janet Malcolm claims always lies in some form at the heart of the biographical enterprise. And yet that is exactly what Forster's three main chroniclers—Furbank focusing on the life, Lionel Trilling on the work and now Nicola Beauman attempting both—have tried to resist. The success of the first two is a refreshing reminder that Boswellian interest in daily details isn't all low-mindedness and that concern with creative intentions isn't all high-mindedness. That the middle route, balancing curiosity about life and delicacy about art, is inevitably a muddle, as his latest portraitist proves, is just what Forster would have predicted.

With Trilling and Furbank, Forster got the best of two biographical worlds more or less as he prescribed them. Furbank's *E. M. Forster: A Life* (1978) offered Boswellianism at its best, a reliable and intimate picture of the man, marked by moral realism and a comic touch, full of truths but with no claim to the Truth. And Trilling's study, published in 1943 before Forster had become well known, was aesthetic scrutiny stripped of veneration. Central to his understanding of Forster's vision was an emphasis on his "refusal to be great," which could be irritating but was also illuminating. His work, Trilling argued, was the product of an imagination that aspired to liberation at the same time that it embraced limitation. In that ambivalent process, Forster comprehended something the triumphalist, untragic "liberal imagination" could not fathom: "the idea of good-and-evil."

Furbank and Trilling each crossed the line between life and work but kept their priorities clear and didn't aim at a synthesis. But what about attempting a more complete harmonizing of the hardy antagonisms of the genre? The idea of life-and-work, it perhaps should come as little surprise, is harder for the biographical imagination to fathom. So hard, in fact, that literary biographers tend to be blissfully unaware of the difficulty. The prevailing attitude is confidently cavalier—just cram in some plot summaries and quote reviews, or else play the match game, identifying real-life counterparts of fictional characters. To her credit, Beauman takes some trouble to reflect on how she plans to carve out a place for herself between her predecessors.

She doesn't fudge her straddling role, she intends to make it her focus: "I learnt a good deal about Forster the man, indeed more than I needed to know. And I learnt a good deal about critical method," she explains in her introduction. "About Forster the novelist there was a strange reticence." She proposes to "describe the unfolding of his creative development," warning that "the meticulous chronicling of day-by-day events would be relevant only insofar as it illuminates the inner life." And she empathetically promises to do it in the conversational, informal, intuitive spirit of her subject.

But it quickly becomes clear that Beauman has too blithe a faith that her eager collaborative spirit can surmount all

New York City

The television's just like everywhere—
the news, the so-called comedies. One feels
let down; this is a separate nation, no?
For here one speaks English self-consciously,
embarrassed to be speaking it so well
amid the toehold accents and the slurs
of knitcapped beggars whining, "Some loose change?"
This Pandemonium whose sky is like
the unfilled spaces of a crossword puzzle,
whose bad breath underground makes sidewalks shudder,
whose sheets of windows rise like thirsty thunder
above the glaze of blinding expectation—
this hell holds sacred crevices where lone
lost spirits preen and call their pit a throne.

JOHN UPDIKE

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obstacles. She doesn't quite know what to make of Forster's emphasis on a firm barrier between the inner, creative life and the "upper personality" that "does things like dining out, answering letters, etc." She has a stake in ignoring his dictum, and yet she also intermittently invokes it. What she doesn't do is thoughtfully challenge Forster the critic's whimsical formulations about "the lower personality [as] a very queer affair," subject to no conscious forces. Yet the trickiest task of empathy is to know when not to listen to the upper self precisely because it can be out of touch with the creative personality.

Both her predecessors were alert to the need for careful second-guessing. Forster, Furbank remarked, was superstitious about the sources of his literary success; his "ordinary self" had a willful lack of desire to scrutinize the "lower self" too closely. It was as if he thought that by casually waving attention away from that strange creature, he could protect the gift he never quite trusted he deserved. But in fact that lower self, as Trilling saw, had its own, far from diffident voice. If Forster the man made his creative drive seem magical, as all such gifts are to some extent in their origins, Forster's writings reveal it very purposefully at work. "Guiding his stories according to his serious whim," Trilling wrote,

> Forster takes full and conscious responsibility for his novels, refusing to share in the increasingly dull assumption of the contemporary novelist, that the writer has nothing to do with the story he tells and that, *mirabile dictu*, through no intention of his own, the story has chosen to tell itself through him.

Trilling's emphasis on control is a message to literary biographers, too, to reconsider a dull assumption of their genre. To hypothesize about the unconscious causes of creative gifts, that favorite biographical pastime, is bound to be less interesting than trying to make the richest sense of the consequences of those gifts. Yet Beauman can't resist the diagnostic habit, and shows less zest for analyzing imaginative purposes or processes. Without quite noticing it, she ends up devoting as much attention to the unfolding of Forster's sexual development as to his creative development. The two, in fact, become somewhat blurred.

She isn't crude or prurient. Beauman has some revealing connections to make between Forster's belated, somewhat bewildered sexual awakening and his imaginative progress. She argues, for example, that visits with Edward Carpenter, a prononent of sensual freedom, led him finally to finish *A Room With A View* (1908); the suicide of a friend who was probably homosexual spurred work on *Maurice*; Forster's sexual initiation in Alexandria freed him to define himself more as a writer and led to the resumption of *A Passage to India*. But too insistent an emphasis on Forster's physical and emotional desires inevitably fails to do justice to Forster's fictional designs, or to his fictional frustrations. Even though she has chosen to dwell only on the productively creative half of his life, a sense of stasis creeps in. Compared to Trilling's analysis of the sense of limitation and division that played such an important part in Forster's novels, Beauman's descriptions of the actual limitations of his life end up making his vision seem too, well, limited.

As if to compensate for the constriction, Beauman at other points lets her fidelity to the Forsterian motto "only connect" lead her far from mere "surface" facts, and she soars with intuitions born of fondness for the man and his work. Supposition overtakes perception, as she makes all sorts of dubious pronouncements about his feelings and his life. She is quite coy about her most spectacular—and very speculative—leap: she insinuates that Forster's father was homosexual. More important, she goes all silly and slack when she comes to the novels themselves:

> (But do I know where I'm going the biographer asks herself, the moment having come when somehow—but how?—she must convey, not merely précis, the plot, and at the same time try and convey why, to her, this [*Where Angles Fear to Tread*] is one of the most perfect novels of the twentieth century, aware that if she uses hyperboles like these her ever-vigilant husband will write "truly wonderful" in the margin and she will realise that, yes, she has gone over the top. But then what vocabulary will do?. . .)

This can serve as an apt illustration of the obvious danger of empathy—that it becomes overweening or worshipful or both. A Forsterian spirit of a counterproductive sort is at work behind Beauman's overconfident projections about the life and her prostration before the novels. Dubbed "the Important One" in letters between his mother and his doting great-aunt Marianne Thornton during his childhood, Forster plainly inspired womanly ministrations that were well-meant but often missed their mark—and he was patient with the oppressive fussing. Beauman clucks over all the feminine clucking that her dear "Morgan" had to endure, deaf to the misplaced condescension in her own tone. Similarly, given his distrust of criticism, Forster had nothing against oohing and aahing at "the entry of Heaven." Beauman blithely assumes that her breathless parentheses would suit him fine.

But in fact neither of those inclinations—to put up with cramping intrusions into his life, and to rest easy with reticence about art—was simple on Forster's part. He knew he could be far too patient with the demands that his women placed on his days and moods, and in his literary criticism he stood back but he rarely bowed down. Beauman recognizes, but can't quite figure out how to take account of, the uncanny tension in him between personal passivity and creative certainty. "Mystic, silly, but with a child's insight," was the way Virginia Woolf put it; "oh yes, & something manly & definite too."

Especially about his own creative gifts, Forster was calmly unreverential, a spirit that his biographer might have aspired to more often. "I am quite sure I am not a great novelist. Because I have only got down on to paper really three types of people," he said in an interview:

> the person I think I am, the people who irritate me and the people I would like to be. When you get to the really great writers, like Tolstoy, you find they can get hold of all types. But most novelists, including myself, are much more constricted in their imagination and their sympathy. I do not get down very much.

Forster was too hard on himself. His great gift was to see that all three kinds of people usually cohabit in a single person. Self-knowledge, self-hate and the salve for both, the hope of self-transformation (in which the unillusioned Forster put only very modest and unmilitant faith for himself, but more for his characters) make the "self" a radically shifting and multifarious thing.

Adamant agents of disclosure and agents of reticence rarely appreciate such a full picture. The exposers are blinkered because their confidence in revelation leads them to attempt a static total picture. The concealers stand in the way of scrutiny because they are convinced no total picture is possible. Both have a stake in overlooking the obvious fact that some pictures are fuller than others. And part of what makes one literary biography better than another is a biographer's recognition that the problem of certainty, of total truth, won't be solved at the end of the endeavor but shouldn't be the reason not to begin. "Though A is not unchangeably A or B unchangeably B," as Forster commented about the elusive nature of a "Person" in "What I Believe," "there can still be love and loyalty between the two." Why not let A stand for artist and B for biographer? Bs don't have to love their As, or pretend that they do. But they can't be loyal even to themselves unless, while seeing their blindness, they have faith in feeling their way toward clarity, which as Forster knew is rarely the same as simplicity. •

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Enter the Dragon

BY ANDREW J. NATHAN

A Borrowed Place: The History of Hong Kong by Frank Welsh

(Kodansha America Inc., 592 pp., $32.50)

Hong Kong's 6 million people, 98 percent of them ethnic Chinese, have the world's tenth largest trading economy, a 5.5 percent annual growth rate and a GDP per capita in excess of Mother England's. Compared with Britain, Hong Kong also has a better infrastructure, better social services, cleaner streets and a better-educated population.

Queen's Road Central bustles with young executives—sleek, smart, with foreign MBAs, many of them women, many running family firms that manufacture in South China and sell in Paris and New York. Multistory malls such as Pacific Place and Ocean Terminal display Chinese dried mushrooms and Rolex watches, antique calligraphy and Hermès scarves, Scotch whiskey and dried tiger's penis. Hong Kong residents worship at the world's largest outdoor Buddha, attend classes at some of the world's most sophisticated universities, bet at the race track and dress up in black tie and ball gowns for the Annual Ivy Ball, attended by hundreds of U.S. university graduates.

A taxi ride from Central brings you to mountain paths threading through the woods of Tai Tam Reservoir. On the back of the island, beaches look out on scores of small rocky islands whose fishing villages and seafood restaurants can be reached by ferry. Seagoing cargo ships thread their way into the deep-water harbor. The harbor draws Victoria Island together with Kowloon peninsula in a living sculpture of glittering skyscrapers, decorated with ferries, freighters and planes moving in and out of Kai Tak Airport.

Frank Welsh, an English businessman and writer, has written a history not so much of Hong Kong as of British rule there, a study in colonial rather than in Chinese history. Drawing chiefly on British archives and memoirs, he presents a parade of merchants, generals, ambassadors, financial secretaries, governors and the mens' wives, showing them as alternately affable, pompous, visionary and eccentric. I have always wondered about Nathan Road, Kowloon's main commercial street. It turns out to be named after its builder, Sir Matthew Nathan, governor from 1904 to 1907, bachelor engineer and also founder of the Kowloon-Canton Railway.

Welsh gives about 300 pages to the colony's first fifty years, the remaining 250 to a gallop through the twentieth century. He tells an affectionate story of foibles and follies, half-intended wars, business ventures, hot weather, fever, gambling, prostitution and public works. The book is a parade of the droll and the quotable, except for episodes of war and diplomacy where the tone becomes appropriately sober. Welsh has used only a few Chinese sources, spelling Chinese personal and place names wrong almost as often as he spells them right.

Welsh puzzles over how Britain got involved on this "barren rock" and how it made a go of it. The colony remained until the 1950s "a colonial backwater," a trading post linking the Chinese and the British economies. The international order that emerged after World War II was marked by a growing international division of labor in manufacturing and by burgeoning trade. It was the fall of China to communism that made it possible for Hong Kong to take advantage of those trends with a combination of cheap refuge labor and entrepreneurs from Shanghai and Ningbo.

While China isolated itself under Mao, its exiled capitalists in its lost territory built a paradigm of an export-oriented economy, of the sort that the mainland now wants to emulate. Hong Kong started with textiles and other low-quality goods and followed Japan up the value-added ladder, moving ahead of competitors into more capital- and technology-intensive products. After Deng Xiaoping opened up China, Hong Kong shifted its sweatshops to the mainland, while retaining engineering, design and marketing functions in the air-conditioned towers of Central and Kowloon. And as the rest of East Asia boomed, Hong Kong took advantage of its location, facilities and freedoms to become the center of regional banking, lawyering, shipping and media, to develop a major stock market and to nurture some of the biggest global investors.

The Crown Colony consists of three parts. Victoria Island, thirty-two square miles, was ceded in perpetuity in 1841 (with treaty confirmation in 1842) after a handful of young British merchants and naval officers picked a fight with the Chinese empire and won what became known as the Opium War. This displeased Prime Minister Lord Palmerston, who wrote, "You have obtained the Cession of Hong Kong, a barren island with hardly a house on it.... Now it seems obvious that Hong Kong will not be a Mart of Trade." In 1860, after another clash, Britain acquired the peninsula of Kowloon, comprising nearly four square miles, aiming to protect the island from pressure from other foreign powers. In 1898, during the "scramble for concessions," the colony added the 365-square-mile New Territories, again with a view to buffering the existing territory from outside pressure.

The New Territories, however, were not acquired outright, but by a ninety-nine-year lease, in the style of fin de siècle imperialism. Hence the magic date 1997, which is at the center of the Sino-British troubles marking the end of Hong Kong's colonial life. They stem from the same source as the Opium War at its beginning—in Welsh's words, "a clash of cultures [that] was inevitable... given the supreme self-confidence of both parties."

If Britain had not raised the issue of 1997 in 1979, the Chinese might not have done so, either. They considered the Unequal Treaties, as they called them, illegal anyway. This meant they could take back Hong Kong whenever they wanted, which was no time soon as long as the colony kept producing foreign exchange for the motherland. As T. L. Tsim, a Hong Kong columnist, put it, the Chinese view was, "We don't think there is a problem. If you still think there is a problem, it is your problem." But the British feared declining business confidence due to uncertainty about 1997. So a few years after Mao's death in 1976, when Sino-Western relations were warming, they privately offered to stay in Hong Kong beyond the end of the lease and continue to run the territory in the mutual interest of London and Beijing. Deng Xiaoping had to say no.

In 1982 Margaret Thatcher visited Beijing fresh from her Falklands victory, aiming to talk sense into the old man. She took the line that the original treaties were still valid, apparently angling to prolong the British presence indefinitely. Deng found this infuriating. The Hong Kong stock market plunged. The late,

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legendary David Bonavia of *The Times* wrote of Thatcher's visit, "Seldom in British colonial history was so much damage done to the interests of so many people in such a short space of time by a single person."

After two more years of negotiations, the Chinese and the British issued a Joint Declaration in 1984, which they hailed as guaranteeing the stability and prosperity of Hong Kong. China would resume sovereignty in 1997. Until then, Britain would govern. In 1997 Hong Kong would become a Special Administrative Region (SAR) under a Basic Law to be written by China's national legislature. For at least fifty years beyond that, Hong Kong would enjoy "a high degree of autonomy" and maintain its social system unchanged, under Deng's concept of "one country, two systems." (By separate agreement with Portugal, tiny neighboring Macao reverts to Chinese control in 1999.

"The runup to '97," however, revealed misunderstandings buried in the Joint Declaration. For Britain, exit with honor from its last colony required "mak[ing] possible the widest democratic participation by the people of Hong Kong in the running of their own affairs," in the words of Hong Kong Governor Chris Patten. This was in keeping with the British practice of decolonization elsewhere and with democratizing trends in the post-cold war era.

Moreover, the previously apolitical residents of Hong Kong wanted political reform. Until then always psychologically on the way from someplace to someplace else (as Welsh's title suggests), the people of Hong Kong were shocked that the Joint Declaration and the Basic Law were written without any real input from them. The prospect of merging into the chaotic mess north of the border concentrated their minds on the value of their security, prosperity and freedom. On vacation trips to China, they found themselves treated as future wards by scruffy mainlanders. Hong Kongers responded with a mix of "fear, hostility, condescension and aversion," in the words of Hong Kong sociologist S. K. Lau.

The killings in Beijing on June 4, 1989, sparked vast anti-China demonstrations in Hong Kong. When the PRC's National People's Congress adopted the Basic Law in 1990, it contained numerous provisions designed to keep power in the hands of Beijing. A pro-democracy group swept twelve of the fourteen seats it contested in Hong Kong's 1991 Legislative Council elections, the first in which any LegCo members were directly elected. Meanwhile, Beijing's reluctance to approve financing for an expensive new Hong Kong airport undermined the conciliatory policy of Britain's hitherto dominant China-policy "mandarins," Sir Percy Cradock and Hong Kong Governor Sir David Wilson.

A few weeks before the newly arrived Governor Patten introduced the most sweeping of a series of British reform proposals, he told some visitors, including me, that he intended to persuade Beijing that accountable government would make Hong Kong easier rather than harder to rule after 1997. Welsh points out that the shift in 1971 from appointing governors with Colonial Office careers to appointing those with Foreign Office backgrounds reflected a change in priorities from administering Hong Kong to dealing with Beijing. By the same token, the appointment in 1992 of Patten, a former M.P., former minister of environment, former chairman of the Conservative Party, talented campaigner and close ally of Prime Minister John Major (and early in his career, an aide to New York Mayor John Lindsay), reflected the importance in British politics of a graceful departure from Hong Kong, as well as the fact that such a departure would need the Hong Kong people's support.

No one who has met Patten doubts his commitment to democratic government, except the Chinese leaders. Where Britain saw honor, the Chinese saw perfidy. Their view has been described in the serialized memoirs of Xu Jiatun, Beijing's chief representative in Hong Kong from 1983 until his defection shortly after the 1989 crackdown. China expected the British to return power in Hong Kong "to China, not to the people of Hong Kong." (Hong Kong, after all, had no sovereignty.) That which China was planning to keep unchanged for fifty years was not a new democracy created during the waning years of British rule, but the same executive-led system that the British found adequate for 150 years and that would have been as easily dominated from Beijing as it had been from London.

The Chinese suspected Britain of using democratic reform to sow dragon's teeth of chaos, nurturing (in Xu's words) "pro-British forces which could be relied on to continue to rule Hong Kong after 1997 as a regent of London even in the absence of British rule." They feared people such as Martin Lee, the leader of the United Democrats, a ramrod Lincoln's Inn barrister with a clipped British accent, who has given up drinking tea and coffee to get in shape for the political imprisonment he anticipates after 1997.

In the eyes of the Chinese, Patten has violated previous understandings and common sense. He reversed the practice of consulting the Chinese in advance of major decisions and denied them the veto they felt was implicit in the concept of "convergence" between the pre- and post-1997 systems. He spoke with irony, understatement and logic, and acted as if he thought words meant what they said, in Beijing's eyes all signs of weak reason or bad will. Beijing called Patten in ascending order a "political prostitute," a "two-headed snake," and "the triple violator" (for violating the Joint Declaration, the Basic Law and some pre-Patten diplomatic letters).

Patten proposed to transform the Legislative Council from an appointed advisory body into an autonomous legislature, with a majority of its members accountable to the electorate through competitive elections in geographic and functional constituencies. He envisioned LegCo functioning on the Whitehall model of public debate and legislative supremacy. Chinese leaders wanted elections in which party-selected representatives would be confirmed in a display of public consensus. They expected LegCo to serve as a "flower vase" akin to Beijing's National People's Congress. Patten argued that the choice was his and LegCo's, since Britain still ruled Hong Kong and his proposals were not inconsistent with the letter of either the Joint Declaration or the Basic Law. The Chinese answered, in effect, that it was their Basic Law and they knew what it meant. The contretemps revealed two different concepts of "a high degree of autonomy," two different concepts of law and two different concepts of national honor.

China's leaders have large interests at stake. Reform in Hong Kong (as in Taiwan) increases pressure for democratization in China. The prosperous province next door, Guangdong, may be the place where domestic political control comes unbuttoned. Other restless regions, such as Tibet and Xinjiang, may ask for democratic self-rule on the Hong Kong model. Abroad, a weak response in such a crucial place to a challenge from a weak power would reduce the credibility of Beijing's demands that countries such as France and the United States respect Chinese sensitivities in Taiwan and Tibet. The Sino-British agreement granted Hong Kong a quasi-independent foreign policy in technical areas such as aviation, GATT membership, attendance at international trade meetings, Interpol membership, Olympic membership and so on. In 1992 the U.S. Congress adopted the McConnell Act, expressing an American national interest in Hong Kong's freedom and prosperity. A democratic Hong Kong is more likely to invite foreign

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You deserve a factual look at...

Jerusalem

Whose city—whose "holy city" is it?

It's twenty-seven years, since Israel's victory in the Six-Day War, that the city of Jerusalem has been reunited under Israeli rule. It was understood that Jerusalem was Israel's undivided capital. But now, in the context of the peace negotiations with the Palestinians—unwittingly buoyed by the accomodating attitude of the current Israeli government—the status of Jerusalem has once more become the object of discussion.

What are the facts?

A city of many nationalities. Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if ever asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage "jihad" (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times, especially after the Arabs lost the city in the Six-Day War. It now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Temple Mount (sacred to both Jews and Moslems) with its two mosques. It is the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. Mohammed never set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Jews and Christians, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. But never in Moslem history did this mosque compare in significance to those in the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no "infidel" may visit.

A tenuous Moslem claim. It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their holy site. All Israeli governments, in their constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, have largely acceded to this tradition and have put the area in and around the two mosques entirely under Moslem control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished and would certainly resist such claim. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. They have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city" and the capital of their proposed state. And it would be an insult to all Moslems to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews".

> "Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years."

Jerusalem: never an Arab capital. But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never a national or even a provincial or sub-provincial capital of any country since biblical times. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course *not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the* mosques on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

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interference in internal disputes with the home government in Beijing.

To stave off such problems, the Chinese leaders prefer to confront Britain now instead of the people of Hong Kong later. Beijing's chief policymaker for Hong Kong, Lu Ping, warned residents in a recent speech that

> the value of Hong Kong to China has been and will be its economic value.... Of course there are always a handful who are so naïve [as] to think that they can turn Hong Kong into a political city in order to influence the mainland in the sense of politics. If that were the case, Hong Kong would be of negative value instead of positive value to China. This [would be] disastrous for Hong Kong.

Inside the colony the confrontation has produced strange partnerships. In the words of the sociologist Paul C. K. Kwong,

> on one side is a peculiar alliance of high official[s] and Chinese tycoons, which is trying to maintain a colonial structure encrusted until recently in a polity featuring a political appointment-cum-consultative system.... On the other side is a lame-duck colonial government which is wooing the public, the middle class, the smaller businessmen and international capital to support its hastily drawn-up blueprint of quicker democratization.

"We're all investing in China," an elegant businesswoman told me at a dinner in Hong Kong a few months ago, adding with a wrinkled nose, "We don't like Patten." Hong Kong's "property boys," as some call them, encounter the corruption, lawlessness and arbitrariness that are part of doing business in China but tell themselves that "things in China are done on a handshake," "I have connections that will protect me" and "the most important human right is to have enough to eat." They persuade themselves that China's current 12 percent growth rate will continue, the Chinese army won't split after Deng, the collective party leadership will hold together, economic growth will improve human rights and outside investment will subvert the police state from within. The Hong Kong elite expresses more anxiety about the economic consequences of American human rights pressure on China than about the impact of human rights violations themselves on political stability in China and Hong Kong.

The property boys are in some ways more intimately involved in China's economic development than the reformers in Beijing. It is not merely the magnitude of the investment funds passing through Hong Kong that matters, although the amounts in transit constitute two-thirds of direct foreign investment in the mainland. More important is the alchemy that occurs when tens of billions of dollars from China flow into the thousands of

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Hong Kong "shell companies" (also known as "false foreign devils") set up by Chinese enterprises and government offices in Hong Kong and are then reinvested back in China in private companies or joint ventures. In a dialectic worthy of Marx, the pass-through transforms money-losing socialist capital sodden with pension obligations, central government quotas, investment controls and profit remittance requirements into money-making capitalist capital responding with robber-baron keenness to domestic and international markets.

The result is an ambiguous kind of "property-rights reform," to borrow a euphemism beloved by both economic theorists and Chinese reformers. Just as the ancient Daoist philosopher Zhuangzi did not know whether he was a philosopher dreaming he was a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming he was a philosopher, so China's state enterprises do not seem to know—or do not want others to know—whether they are socialist firms employing market techniques or capitalist companies renting government doorplates. In either case, Chinese state enterprises are eating their "stateness" away from within under the ardent tutelage of Hong Kong's patriotic capitalists.

Patten has been unable to convince Beijing that the secret of Hong Kong's success is the rule of law, which would depend on a democratically elected, independent legislature (and an independent judiciary, another focus of debate). Having been rebuffed by Beijing in a series of talks that collapsed earlier this year, he has moved with LegCo support to implement his proposals without Chinese approval. Beijing in turn has threatened to dissolve LegCo and two other tiers of elected bodies in 1997 and start over. The stage is set for repression. Patten's gamble in this sense has already failed. He ultimately cannot win unless Beijing changes its mind about Hong Kong democracy.

But neither can he lose. A possible future British prime minister, Patten has gained an international reputation standing up to China and has no incentive to back down. He has chosen to place plates of glass around Hong Kong, in the words of an American diplomat, so that if the Chinese shatter them, at least the world will hear.

Should the glass shatter or slowly crack, Americans will become more aware of our interests in this once-borrowed place. Hong Kong is one of our major trading partners, and the center of our business presence in China and the Asia Pacific region. A healthy Hong Kong is a strong force for the "peaceful evolution" of China. Its successful integration into China would establish a worldwide precedent for the peaceful settlement of territorial issues, the coexistence of different social and economic systems and the solution of political and ideological problems by open competition. The crushing of Hong Kong's freedom would damage the post-cold war momentum toward democracy, hurt economic growth and political stability in the region and destroy a valuable way of life that embodies entrepreneurship, personal freedom and cultural pluralism.

There is, unfortunately, almost nothing America can do to avert a Hong Kong "train wreck." Expressions of concern are cheap, MFN trading privileges have already been abandoned as an instrument for influencing China and Beijing's leaders have shown they will pay any economic price to keep power. The only hope is that the modernization of China will bring wiser, more tolerant leaders to power in Beijing.

Yet the biggest threat to Hong Kong's future prosperity is not political repression, which the economy can survive within limits. Nor is it that Beijing will violate the principle of "one country two systems" as it understands it—as keeping a market system open and "letting the horses keep racing and the dancers keep dancing." It is that Hong Kong will be infected with the mainland's corruption. Xu Jiatun states that, in the late 1980s, 200 sons and daughters of high-ranking mainland cadres were doing business in Hong Kong. Many mixed public and private money, led extravagant lives and used their influence to gain positions and payoffs from Hong Kong businesses. Some "worms turned into dragons," that is, became rich; others went bankrupt and fled. Hong Kong investors, traders, publishers and officials began their accommodations with people in power in Beijing and Guangdong the moment the Joint Declaration was signed. They started paying a tax in money and freedom that could easily grow large enough to undercut Hong Kong's competitiveness.

Hong Kong's hotel rooms are fully booked for June 30, 1997. At midnight the Union Jack will be lowered at Government House. The next morning, the city will look as beautiful as ever. Hong Kong will have survived. But barring unlikely changes in China, Hong Kong will have made an invisible transition, from a stable member of the developed world to an emerging market in a Third World dictatorship.

ANDREW J. NATHAN is author of *Chinese Democracy* (University of California Press) and *China's Crisis* (Columbia University Press).

TRB *continued from page 6*

get Social Security checks worth $39,000 more than his contributions and the interest they might have earned. But an average boomer retiring in 2010 will suffer a net lifetime *loss* of $38,000. An Xer retiring in 2030 will lose $62,000.

The reason for this disparity is pretty obvious. Today's retirees contributed relatively low payroll taxes for much of their working lives (the basic Social Security payroll tax was only 6 percent in 1960). But their Social Security checks reflect a series of dramatic benefit increases passed by Congress in the early 1970s. *Tomorrow's* retirees are currently paying for these checks with a payroll tax that exceeds 12 percent. Should this unlucky, younger group now pay even more to bail out the system?

Generational justice seems to demand that politicians do something irresponsible, something they almost never do, namely take benefits away from retirees who are already receiving them—and take them away now, before the elderly... well, before the elderly no longer need them. There is a humane way to do this: a "means test," which would deny benefits only to the affluent. The Concord Coalition, an anti-deficit group headed by former Senators Paul Tsongas and Warren Rudman, has proposed shaving the checks of anyone with an income of more than $40,000. The higher the income bracket, the more benefits would be lost (though even the richest retirees would get to keep 15 percent of their checks).

As a long-term solution, the Concord plan has some problems. Most obviously, it might discourage savings, since retirees with a lot of investment income would lose benefits. But that flaw is minimized if means-testing is used only as a short-term device for reclaiming benefits from today's retirees, who have already done most of their saving. Unlike some other reforms (e.g., cutting cost-of-living increases) means-testing wouldn't impose any hardship on retirees who really need their checks. The pain would be restricted to those who could bear it.

Of course, this sort of means-testing won't happen. It's highly unlikely that the Concord plan, or any substantial benefit cut for current retirees, will obtain the necessary 60 percent majority on Kerrey's commission. If it did, Congress or Clinton would kill it. Social Security isn't going broke tomorrow, after all. That sort of thing is twenty-five years away. "It would be jumping the gun," one expert assured the commission, "to actually reduce benefits now ... as if we really knew what the situation would be for such a far off period." The geezers have won.

MICKEY KAUS

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

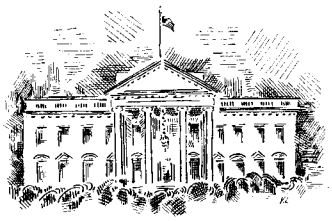
On the road

WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE, DURING the second Reagan administration, political debate was neither urgent nor especially common. When it did take place, it usually confined itself to expressions of attitude ("I'm sick of heterosexism") or invocations of ideology ("I think I'm a postmodern bourgeois liberal"). In Washington, of course, political conversation takes place all the time, and has relatively little to do with passing whims or doctrinal preening. Instead, it usually involves gossipy questions of personnel ("Who will be the new assistant secretary?") or sober matters of policy ("Do you prefer a hard trigger or a fast-track soft trigger?"). I've had a hard time making the adjustment.

NONETHELESS, I'VE TRIED TO MAINtain a few sacrosanct beliefs. One of them is that, however wanting Bill Clinton might be in candor, personal courage or the ability to manage for excellence, his position on health care is pretty damn admirable. Sadly, it's been a bad year for that position. Well-financed lobbyists representing drug manufacturers, insurance companies and small businesses have thoroughly obscured the ethical and economic arguments for universal coverage. Early on, Clinton hoped to gather countervailing support for his admittedly flawed plan through local television appearances, electronic town meetings and other weapons from the guerrilla media arsenal. Those efforts failed, and now Clinton is left leading a crusade for social reform without a social constituency.

WHO MIGHT HAVE BELONGED TO such a constituency? The uninsured are, almost by definition, a disorganized lot. The Catholic Church, which has long supported universal coverage, largely ducked the battle, even as the Protestant right suggested that employer mandates and purchasing cooperatives were "un-Christian." Labor unions, still sulking after NAFTA, have only recently started to mobilize, and civil rights groups are more concerned with other problems. As for the academic left, which according to some reports has brainwashed the young and taken over the sites of knowledge production, its indifference to the issue has been remarkable. The decade's biggest struggle for social justice hardly excites much Vietnam-style fervor. Professors have been more outspoken about Disney's America.

THE MOST POIGNANT EXAMPLE OF public indifference is the Health Security Express, the cross-country bus caravan organized by Families U.S.A. to create stirring images in the service of health care legislation. (Unfortunately, when the first bus set off from Portland, Oregon, no such legislation existed.) The inspirations for the enterprise presumably include Paul Revere, the civil rights freedom riders and the Clinton-Gore bus tour of '92. But the journey has become a timid and accident-prone pilgrimage. When the "reform riders" were met by 100 protesters in Boise, Idaho, they canceled their rally on the statehouse steps and retired for dinner. Tires go flat, passengers are hospitalized and no Keanu Reeves comes to the rescue. American social reform once called to mind union halls, church spirituals and open-air rallies. Today, it looks more like an existentialist road movie from the '60s: a nighttime bus trip to nowhere, with bad food, faulty air conditioning and threatening faces pressed against the window.



THE HEALTH SECURITY EXPRESS IS due to reach Washington in the next couple weeks. But Washington isn't waiting for the reform riders; it's waiting for Marion Barry. *The Washington Post* recently published a poll showing Barry well ahead of his rivals in the race for mayor. (That result came as something of a surprise to the paper's readers, since it hadn't previously paid the Barry campaign much attention.) Middle-class Washington and the downtown business establishment, which once kept Barry lavishly bankrolled, were shocked. After all, when Barry walked out of prison, reentered politics and joined the city council he looked rather hapless—on his first day in office, a young man stole the car keys from his coat pocket and made off with his Chrysler. Since then, however, he has rallied his supporters in the city's poorest neighborhoods, where his campaign caravans are met with spontaneous applause. The city's public housing may have fallen apart under Barry's watch, but many project residents support him anyway, since he promises them jobs and he's the only candidate who seems to know where they live. Although Barry's comeback is astonishing, it's worth remembering that at least one other American politician can match his versatility. Like Barry, Oliver North has turned his ordeal with the law into an allegory of courage and redemption. And like Barry, he's a compromised insider running as a charismatic insurgent. It's hard to say which candidate's victory would prompt a greater loss of faith in democracy in the Washington area.

NORTH WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE welcome than Barry on the Washington mall last weekend, where thousands of teenagers in the Christian abstinence movement gathered to affirm their virginity. The teenagers belong to an organization called True Love Waits, which started in a Nashville church last year, and has since spread across the country, persuading some 200,000 young people to maintain their "sexual purity" until marriage. In return for signing a vow of abstinence, the *Post* reported, members of the group receive a ring and a cake. On their outing in Washington, they flirted on the mall, hung out at Christian rock concerts and even met with the president, who must be worried about the rising political power of the chastity belt. Presumably, few of the teenage virgins plan to attend this summer's beleaguered, Pepsi-sponsored Woodstock festival, where condoms will be distributed bearing the words, "I come in peace." But their claim to countercultural authority is a slightly more plausible one.

THE ODDEST BOOK I'VE SEEN REcently is *Imagologies*, a venture in "media philosophy" by Mark C. Taylor and Esa Saarinen. The book's first distinction is that it comes with cover blurbs from Cornel West, the radical professor, and Bill Weld, the Republican governor. Its second distinction is that Routledge, a typically left-wing British publisher, has inserted a series of fashion ads for the Finnish textile maker marimekko directly into the text. Taylor, a professor at Williams, and Saarinen, a Finnish philosopher who appears on the back cover in a cloud of purple smoke, taught a trans-Atlantic seminar together over the Internet. Then they turned their course into a volume of friendly e-mail exchanges, recollected classroom epiphanies ("our session yesterday was electric") and aphoristic proclamations ("the only responsible intellectual is one who is wired"). When it comes to politics, Taylor and Saarinen are giddily optimistic about the advent of "teledemocracy." But they do warn that "we desperately need a political economy of the image." The organizers of the Health Security Express would have to agree.

ALEXANDER STAR

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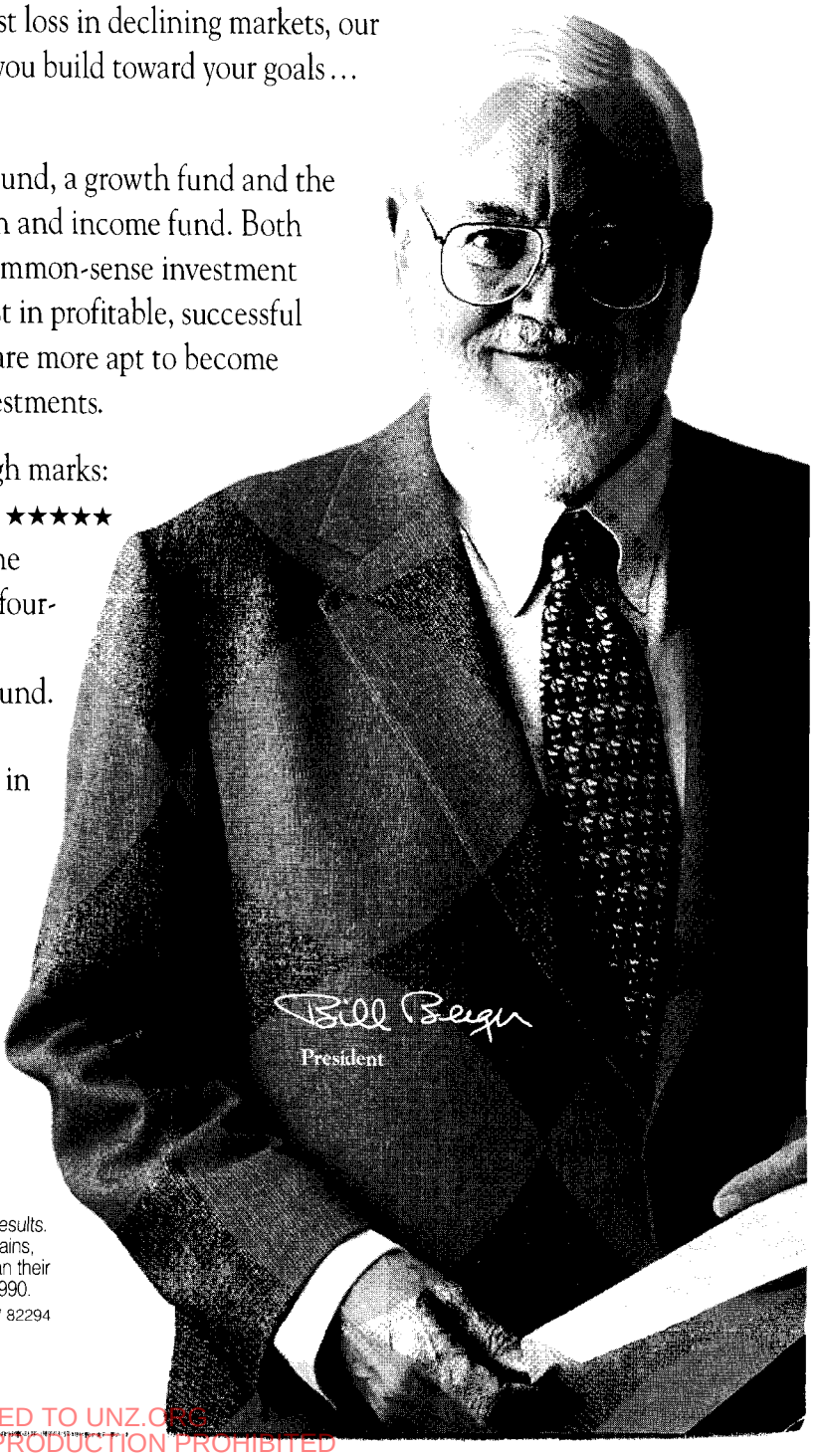

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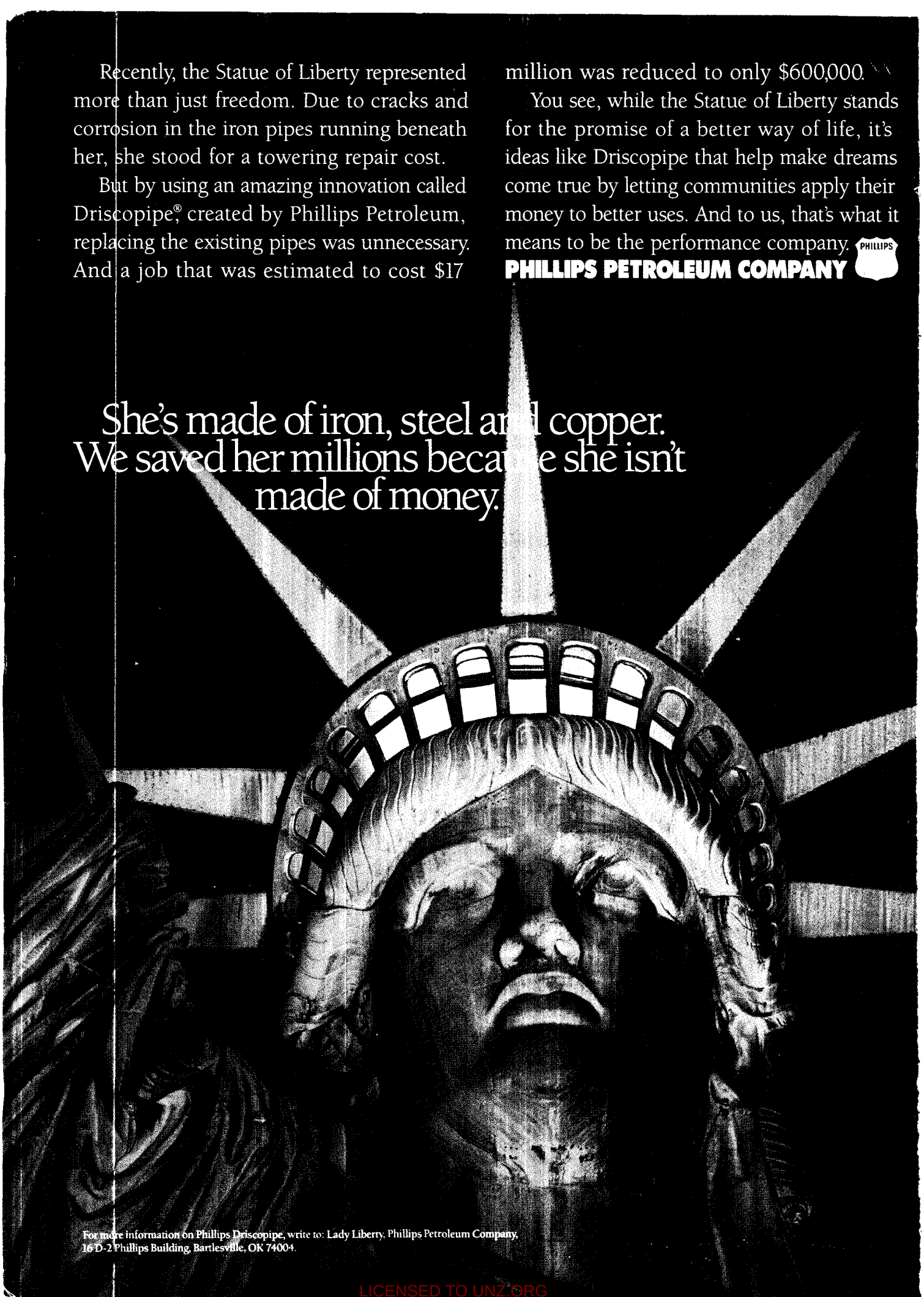

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